

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,061, Vol. 41.

February 26, 1876.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE SLAVE CIRCULAR DEBATE.

THE debate on the Slave Circular or Circulars has had the advantage of clearing up many points as to which it was desirable that public opinion should be enlightened. It was, in the first place, calculated to put in a clear way the distinction between the question how slaves taken on board vessels seized for carrying on the slave-trade are to be treated, and the question how slaves escaping from a country where slavery is legal are to be treated. The distinction seems obvious; but it was one that had evidently failed to catch the attention of many members of the House of Commons, who, in discussing Mr. WHITBREAD's motion, persisted in referring to the Act of 1873. This Act had nothing to do with the treatment of fugitive slaves, but dealt only with slaves found on board vessels seized for carrying on the slave-trade. In the next place, the discussion showed what had been the mainspring of the difficulties that had practically arisen. The general belief of commanders of men-of-war has been that fugitive slaves coming on board their vessels, wherever those vessels might be, gained a status of liberty by the mere fact of their being there, and that it was the business of naval commanders to see that the fugitives did not lose the advantage they thus obtained. The general doctrine of the Foreign Office has been, on the other hand, that slaves escaping to British men-of-war lying in foreign ports ought to be given back to their owners. There can be no question that this was the doctrine of the Foreign Office which Lord DERBY found to be established when he was asked to give instructions. Lord CLARENDRON had laid down this doctrine in the clearest language, had censured a naval commander for not having acted on it, and had actually apologized to a slave-holding Power for an infraction of the rule. Lord GRANVILLE had sent out instructions to commanders on the East Indies station that slaves escaping to British men-of-war within territorial limits should be returned to their owners. It is clear to every one not bewildered by party spirit that if, when asked for new instructions, Lord DERBY had simply said that he had nothing to add to the doctrines of Lord CLARENDRON and Lord GRANVILLE, by which he felt himself bound, we should either have heard nothing of the new-born British disgust at this doctrine, or the disgust must have taken the form of a vehement disapproval of the pernicious doctrines of Liberal Foreign Secretaries, and an appeal to Lord DERBY to take courage and wash his hands clean of the Liberal pitch by which they had been defiled. Unfortunately for himself and his party, Lord DERBY, instead of doing this, issued the First Circular, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in the course of the debate explained how it happened that the First Circular assumed its very peculiar shape, and what were the doctrines on which it was based.

The view of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was that fugitive slaves were breakers of the law of their country, and that it was the duty of England to help foreign authorities to see their laws upheld. He recognized no right in England to question the validity of local laws. It was enough that the law existed. In pursuance of this doctrine, he saw no difference as to the place where the fugitive might happen to be received. The English man-of-war might be in a foreign harbour or on the open sea; it was equally the duty of England to treat a law-breaker as a criminal and to help foreign law to take effect. So far as fugitive slaves were concerned, the question of the extra-territorial character of men-of-war did not in the

eyes of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL arise at all. Whatever might be the abstract rights of the English commander, his duty was to further the course of foreign law. This doctrine may now be said to be exploded. No one except the ATTORNEY-GENERAL maintained it in debate. It was abandoned under the advice of the CHANCELLOR in the Second Circular, and it was a new doctrine not sanctioned by the precedents of former Governments. The main question was left—whether the standing doctrine of the Foreign Office, that fugitive slaves received within territorial limits are to be given up, is to be upheld? This, again, resolves itself into two questions:—Are we bound to surrender slaves received on board our men-of-war under such circumstances? and, Is it practically wise to surrender them even if we are not bound? The debate has made it clear that we are not bound to surrender the slaves. The Second Circular was framed by Lord CAIRNS in accordance with this view. It expressly directs commanders not to entertain any demand for surrender. But even members of the Cabinet were not clear on the point, and had not realized to themselves what is meant by the extra-territorial character of a man-of-war. They were puzzled by a man-of-war having to submit to Customs and Quarantine regulations. The distinction, however, is simple enough when pointed out. The man-of-war must abide by the rules of the port, regulating how it shall come in, where it shall lie, how it shall communicate with the shore, and so forth; but as to all that happens within its own limits, it is out of the foreign jurisdiction altogether. If a political refugee, or a murderer, or a fugitive slave, gets on board, it is entirely a matter for the commander to decide whether he will give his unwelcome guest up or not. Most persons would say that he ought not to give up a political refugee, and that he ought to give up a murderer; while as to fugitive slaves, commanders fancied they ought not to give them up, and the Foreign Office, although with some wavering of opinion, has still, on the whole, and especially in recent years, thought they ought to give them up.

The arguments for giving the slave up, and for not giving him up, are both drawn from the consideration of what is best for slaves generally. On the one hand, it is said that it is best to give him up because we can only attack slavery effectually with the good will of the countries where it exists, or by getting them to concur with us in the measures which we think for the time the most necessary and indispensable. Speaking broadly, it may be said that we have thrown all our energies into suppressing the slave-trade, and have left domestic slavery undisturbed. We could not attack domestic slavery if we wished to induce or press foreign nations into allowing us to put down the slave-trade. As we obtained the treaties by which the slave-trade was suppressed on the faith of our declaration that we would not interfere with domestic slavery, we ought, it is said, to abide by our word. On the other hand, it is urged that the time for a new departure is now come. We have put down, or nearly put down, the slave-trade, and it is time to mark our abhorrence of domestic slavery. This we may do if we keep on board our vessels fugitives who have broken laws, but who have broken laws which we proclaim are wicked and ought not to exist anywhere. This was the line of the Liberal speakers in the debate. As they could not deny that the old policy of Liberal Foreign Secretaries was just as bad as that of Lord DERBY, they proposed that there should be something new done for the slave. The difficulty

in which Conservatives were placed was that the Cabinet could not make up its mind whether it should sanction this new departure or not. The Second Circular was studiously framed so as to avoid the question. The captain is, under its provisions, not to give the slave up, but he is not to permit him to remain on board. The slave is to be put on shore, but only as a superfluous passenger, not as a slave. This is a most curious direction to give to a captain when the Government pleads that it must give definite instructions or it would not be doing its duty. England is not to give the slave back to the owner, but is to put him where the owner can conveniently catch him. As more than one Liberal speaker truly prophesied, the debate must kill the Second Circular. The real question, having been raised, must be settled. Is the standing policy of the Foreign Office to be maintained, or shall there be a new policy? The Ministry plainly replies that it cannot say; but it hopes that seven or eight clever people may tell them. A more utter abdication of responsibility could not be conceived. As Mr. DISRAELI admitted, the Commissioners have nothing but a great question of State policy to take under their consideration. There is no law, there are no treaties to be examined. The question is whether England, having suppressed the slave-trade, shall now take up a position towards domestic slavery different from that which it has hitherto assumed, in the hope of affecting the opinion of the world, and with the risk of complications which may lead to bitter differences and possibly to war. The answer of the Cabinet to the question is that they have not the remotest notion themselves what way to answer it, but that they think they know some gentlemen, with more or less of legal minds, who could answer it for them. It is perhaps the poorest answer a Cabinet ever gave

SPAIN.

WHEN the young King of SPAIN formally assumed command of the army, it was reasonably inferred that his advisers were confident of early and immediate success. It seems that all the generals in command have both acted loyally together in the accomplishment of a general design and shown praiseworthy vigour in their separate operations. The movement by which MARTINEZ CAMPOS cut off the enemy's communications with the frontier would perhaps not have been practicable if the French Government had, as in former times, favoured the Carlist cause. For some time past Marshal MACMAHON and his Ministers have given every facility to the Alfonsists, although supplies seem to have been drawn by both parties from France. The checks which were incurred by MORENO and LOMA had no permanent effect on the fortunes of the campaign; but complete success was not assured until PRIMO DE RIVERA, after occupying the neighbouring heights, at last took the central stronghold of Estella. The KING, accompanied by General QUESADA, has since entered Tolosa, which was the capital, as Estella may be considered the citadel, of the territory of Don CARLOS. The Carlists have in the final struggle retained the credit which belongs to obstinate courage in encountering superior forces; but they were surrounded on all sides by the Alfonsist armies, and probably they had been compelled to weaken the garrison of Estella. Even the supporters of the defeated cause may now be reasonably anxious that further resistance should cease. When all hope is over, it is a crime as well as a folly to cause further bloodshed. The rumour that Don CARLOS has been advised by the Vatican to retire from the struggle is not incredible. A year ago his pretensions enabled the NUNCIO to demand from the Ministers at Madrid large concessions in exchange for Papal recognition. For some time past no hopes of direct advantage could be founded on the prospects of the Pretender; and now he has become unserviceable even for purposes of menace. The opinions and character of Don CARLOS would have insured the confidence of the Holy See if his chances of success had at any time been considerable. Almost alone among princes and pretenders, he openly avowed unlimited devotion to the Church and uncompromising hostility to modern constitutional doctrines. Nevertheless he became by a strange accident the champion of ancient franchises which were threatened by tendencies or centralization.

No sufficient account has been made public of the re-

sources by which war has been maintained for two years. The hardy provinces of the North have supplied soldiers of the best quality in Spain; and the natural strength of the country has enabled smaller numbers to maintain a defensive attitude with success. Don CARLOS has a large fortune, and he is supposed to have received pecuniary aid from the late Duke of MODENA; but war is too costly an undertaking to be in ordinary cases maintained out of private means. A small revenue was raised by Customs duties on the part of the frontier which was in possession of the Carlists, and the provinces made occasional contributions of money as well as of men. The time of the original rising was well chosen, when successive revolutions, which soon afterwards resulted in the establishment of an anarchical Republic, had reduced Spain to the lowest point of degradation. The spirited Italian prince who occupied the throne at the beginning of the civil war was unpopular as a foreigner; and it seemed possible that a legitimate Spanish Pretender might be preferred by the nation at large. The abdication of AMADEO was immediately followed by the rebellion of Cartagena, which for some months furnished occupation for the remnant of the Spanish army. It was only after the partial restoration of order under SERRANO that the Central Government was at leisure to attend to the Carlist rebellion. The success of SERRANO and CONCHA at Somorrostro was immediately followed by the ruinous disaster of Estella, and by the death of the only general who at that time commanded the confidence of the army; yet in the lowest ebb of the national fortunes it became evident that the Carlists must ultimately fail. The Pretender, while he was for the time secure in his mountain fastnesses, found no adherents in any other part of the country; nor, when the Government of Madrid was weakest, did his generals venture to operate in the low country or to march on Madrid. As in the similar case of the American Civil War, greater numbers and larger material resources were certain to prevail in the end. The insurrection itself condemned the theories of the demagogues who had almost destroyed the army; and the Governments of SERRANO and of King ALFONSO steadily devoted themselves to the task of recruiting and of restoring discipline. When there was again a Spanish army of 200,000 men, the days of the rebellion were numbered.

In consequence of the smallness of the area of the struggle, the war has not, except through the demand for recruits, interfered with prosperity in the greater part of Spain. It has also allowed the restored dynasty a breathing time, while party conflicts and military conspiracies were suspended. The chief practical inconvenience which has been felt consists in the diversion which has been effected in favour of the insurgents in Cuba, and in the consequent risk of aggression on the part of the United States. The termination of the war in the North will leave a large force available for colonial service; and it may probably not be inconvenient to provide occupation for some of the generals who have by their recent services established claims to occupation and reward. The Government must be prepared for the early revival of political agitation. Although a dictatorship exercised in the name of the KING might be tolerated during the continuance of the war, it is not to be supposed that parties which have been not long since powerful or supreme will acquiesce in permanent exclusion from all share in public affairs. The unmanageable character of universal suffrage may perhaps render a certain interference with elections necessary in Spain. The uniform practice of all parties, as they have successively occupied office, seems to prove that it is impossible to rely on a perverse constitutional system; yet it is difficult to believe that it can be prudent to return Ministerial majorities which are absurdly and scandalously unanimous. There are either three or four political parties in Spain, as the Liberal Unionists are considered a part of the same body with the Progressists or are regarded as a distinct combination. The two sections include nearly all the intelligence and political experience of the country. At one extreme are the Moderates, including the friends of absolutism and Ultramontanism; and the Republicans, who three years ago themselves excluded all other parties from the Cortes, cannot have become wholly extinct. The followers of SAGASTA were not long since regarded as a reactionary party, while ZORRILLA and his adherents were the more Liberal supporters of constitutional monarchy. By a curious change of circumstances, SAGASTA, though he is not known to have changed his opinions, is now the leader of the most advanced section of the Opposition.

The present Cortes has been too ostentatiously packed. The only Republican admitted is CASTELAR, whose eloquence is probably regarded as innocuous while he stands absolutely alone. Thirty-five supporters of SAGASTA will represent the Liberal opinion of Spain in the absence of ZORRILLA and of the entire Progressist party. It is perhaps immaterial that the Senate, which exercises little political power, is almost entirely composed of Moderates inclined to extreme courses on ecclesiastical and civil affairs. The same party is strong in the Congress or Lower House, and it probably includes many members of the body which professes uncompromising devotion to the Ministers. The less illiberal section of the Government retired when JOVELLAR was removed from the management of affairs to the command in Cuba. The chief Minister has not hitherto been regarded as a bigot in religion or politics; but it is not forgotten that a year ago he assented to the revival of an extravagant Concordat; and his management of the elections indicates a disposition to rely on the support of the Moderates. He may probably find himself embarrassed by the readiness of the Cortes to concede ecclesiastical claims which are profoundly distasteful to the community. King ALFONSO will have at the best many difficulties to encounter; but the greatest dangers which he could incur would result from his allying himself with the restless portion of the priesthood. The reported determination of Queen ISABELLA to return to Spain as soon as the civil war is ended bodes ill for the fortunes of her son. Her personal conduct when she was on the throne might possibly have been overlooked or condoned if she had not become the instrument of the zealous partisans of Rome. She would probably not return to Spain unless she believed herself to possess great influence over her son; and a general conviction that the KING was guided by her counsels would be fatal to his reputation and authority. Political discontent in Spain is the more formidable because every party which may be out of power can command the services of some discontented military chief. The two generals who restored the Monarchy have since done good service in the field, and they and their rivals will not fail to prefer claims which it may be difficult for the Government to satisfy. The report that MARTINEZ CAMPOS has zealously supported the QUEEN's return indicates, if it be true, the existence of a dangerous military element in Spanish politics.

THE SUEZ CANAL DEBATE.

MR. LOWE had some reason for saying that Messrs. ROTHSCHILD incurred little risk when they advanced a large sum on the promise of the Government to recommend to the House of Commons the repayment of the amount. He might have followed up the same line of thought by admitting that the leaders of Opposition were much at their ease in minutely criticizing the proceedings of the Ministry without venturing to propose an adverse vote. It is true that a division could not be conveniently taken on any amendment which would have tended to defeat the Resolution moved by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; but, if Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE could have reckoned on the support of their own party, they might have first assented to the vote and then moved a Resolution of censure on the policy of the Government. The prudence of the course which they adopted was sufficiently proved by the speech of the official head of the party. Lord HASTINGTON, with a statesmanlike perception of the real point at issue, plainly indicated his approval of the purchase, although he repeated the expression of his opinion that the shares might have been bought cheaper. The speeches of Mr. LOWE and Mr. GLADSTONE would perhaps have been more effective if they had been separated in the debate by a wider interval. Mr. DISRAELI might be charged with a want of tactical skill in allowing a private member of Parliament to answer Mr. LOWE, and immediately to precede Mr. GLADSTONE. Sir H. WOLFF's undoubted ability and his general knowledge of the subject scarcely compensated for his necessarily imperfect acquaintance with the objects and motives of the Government. He professed his inability to answer Mr. LOWE's remarks on the arrangement made with Messrs. ROTHSCHILD, and he inaccurately assumed that the PRIME MINISTER or the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was practically responsible for the statements and arguments of the newspaper press. It seems to have been settled that no Minister, ex-

cept the two who were immediately responsible, should take part in the debate; and Sir S. NORTHCOTE naturally reserved himself for the opportunity of answering Mr. GLADSTONE. As it happened, the case of the Government was strengthened by the full and early development of the plan of attack. The House was satisfied, before the Ministerial explanations began, that the opponents of the purchase had exhausted their grounds of objection while they had barely touched the fringe and outline of the case. Those who may perhaps have thought that the commission paid to Messrs. ROTHSCHILD was too high nevertheless retained the conviction that it was for the interest of England to hold a large share of the property of the Canal. Mr. DISRAELI expressed the feeling of the House when he said that the most obvious conclusion from the arguments of the ex-Ministers was that, if Mr. GLADSTONE had been in office, the purchase would never have been made. The further inference that a timid policy would have been a mistake was tacitly drawn on both sides of the House.

Mr. LOWE, not for the first time in the present Session, failed to apprehend the feeling of his audience; and Mr. GLADSTONE, by dwelling on the same points of secondary importance, confirmed the unfavourable impression which had been produced by his colleague. Mr. DISRAELI and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE showed that it would have been impracticable to rely in the first instance on the aid of the Bank of England, although perhaps a part of the purchase money might have been obtained on easier terms after the secret had been disclosed. The terms of the advance were not disadvantageous to the lenders; but the number of capitalists who can produce 4,000,000. at short notice must be limited, and the absence of competition tends to raise the price of all commodities, including money. Mr. LOWE was not happy in his reference to the *Alabama* payment, which he effected by an arrangement with the Bank of England. The debt, and the necessity for raising the money, had been approved by Parliament; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was consequently, to the knowledge of the Bank, discharging an official duty, and not engaging in an unusual and unauthorized enterprise. It was highly characteristic of Mr. LOWE to contrast the most painful and mortifying of modern transactions with the popular measure which he undertook to depreciate. Mr. GLADSTONE made a serious imputation on the character of Messrs. ROTHSCHILD in his unfounded suggestion that their clerks had committed a breach of trust for stock-jobbing purposes. The principals of a great firm, when they engage in a confidential transaction of the highest importance, are responsible not only for themselves, but for all persons in their employment who may be in the secret of the business. There is no reason to suppose that Messrs. ROTHSCHILD admitted any clerk into their confidence; and they would scarcely maintain their commercial and financial position if their agents were in the habit of betraying any information which they may receive. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER afterwards stated that the bargain was made public at Cairo, and that the news was, as might be expected, immediately transmitted by telegraph to London.

Mr. LOWE's tedious and paradoxical demonstration of the ignorance of the Ministers as to the condition of the Canal Company was perhaps ironical. He can scarcely have intended seriously to dispute Sir S. NORTHCOTE's assertion that he knew all the details of the subject, and that he had communicated the material points to the Cabinet. Both Mr. LOWE and Mr. GLADSTONE contended that Lord DERBY must have reckoned on the possession of more than ten votes when, in a conversation with the French Ambassador, he disclaimed any desire to exercise a preponderating influence in the management of the Canal. There is not much use in an ingenious argument which proves that a cautious and intelligent Minister has, with a full sense of responsibility, talked nonsense on a serious question. Mr. LOWE had probably no doubt that Lord DERBY knew all about the ten votes, and that he nevertheless bought the KHEDIVE's shares for the purpose of acquiring influence. Lord DERBY himself declared that the denial of the obvious consequences was as absurd as a doubt whether two and two make four. It has not been sufficiently noticed either by the supporters or by the opponents of the purchase that the whole controversy on the right of voting turns on an immaterial issue. The votes are given at general meetings of the shareholders, while the administration is vested nominally

in a Council of Administration, and practically in a small Managing Committee, or rather in the President. The only real power of the shareholders consists in their right to elect at intervals of eight years the members of the Council of Administration. The Managing Committee is "specially appointed," probably by M. DE LESSEPS in the name of the Administrative Council. When the President a year or two ago threatened to close the Canal, he probably consulted neither the Administrative Council nor the Managing Committee; and he would have been neither entitled nor inclined to lay the matter before a general meeting of shareholders. It therefore matters little whether the English Government will have ten votes; nor is there any ground for Mr. GLADSTONE's anxiety about the jurisdiction of French tribunals. It will not be worth while to contest the point if M. DE LESSEPS should unwisely attempt to interfere with the legitimate influence of England. Mr. GLADSTONE's objections to Mr. CAVE's mission were still more irrelevant than his disquisition on the right of voting; and his case against the Government was not strengthened by a proof that he is an irreconcilable opponent. It is easy to say that the KHEDIVE's request for financial assistance ought to have been answered by a mission of two young clerks. If the course which Mr. GLADSTONE recommends had been adopted, he would have reproached the Ministers with equal vigour for not sending some agent such as Mr. CAVE to ascertain what the KHEDIVE really wanted. In trifling details it is idle to question the discretion of the Government, which must decide with the knowledge that any possible decision is open to hostile criticism.

The rumour that Mr. CAVE and M. DE LESSEPS have come to an understanding about tolls requires explanation. The English Government could not, without special authority from all the maritime States, agree to an increase of the charges on shipping. The assent, indeed, of Russia and France might be taken for granted; but Austria, Italy, Holland, Denmark, and other nations have strenuously supported English resistance to M. DE LESSEPS's audacious exactions. Mr. LOWE took no notice of the tedious and dangerous disputes which are recorded in the published French and English Correspondence. For four years past M. DE LESSEPS has furnished the French and English Governments with a subject of discussion which, in the days of the Empire, or in the time of M. THIERS, might easily have expanded into a serious quarrel. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he has probably read the Correspondence, carelessly asserts, both in his speech and in the paper of queries which he has since forwarded to the newspapers, that the result is highly satisfactory, although the French Government, aided by Russia, has steadily supported all the demands of M. DE LESSEPS. According to Mr. GLADSTONE, all maritime States allowed themselves to be represented by England, and they will withdraw their confidence when they find that the Government is interested in the capital of the Canal as well as in its trade. Unluckily for his argument, Germany, Italy, and other principal States have already expressed their cordial approval of the purchase. Lord PALMERSTON's objections to the project of the Canal were not conclusive; but they are improperly described by Mr. ROEBUCK as a craze. He has thus far been justified by the result in the calculation that the undertaking would be commercially unprofitable, for he could not foresee that the KHEDIVE would be induced by cajolery or force to provide more than one-half of the cost, while all the profits accrued to the shareholders. Whether, in case of war, the Canal would give an advantage to France over England is a question not yet tested by experience, and Mr. DISRAELI wisely declines a challenge to discuss it. In time of peace the controversy on the tolls has brought France and England into antagonism; and the purchase of shares will materially affect the merits of the dispute if it is hereafter renewed. French Ministers and Ambassadors have avowed themselves the champions of shareholders against shipowners; and the English Government will in future negotiations act in both capacities. The arguments of the two chief opponents of the Government were bad on demur. Even if Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE had proved all the propositions which they enunciated, acquiescence in their reasoning would be perfectly consistent with approval of the purchase as a patriotic and prudent transaction.

M. BUFFET'S COLLAPSE.

WHEN the relative merits of the *scrutin de liste* and the *scrutin d'arrondissement* were under discussion in the French Assembly M. GAMBETTA hazarded what at the time appeared to many people a very rash prediction. He told the advocates of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* that though, as a matter of principle, he was opposed to them, he had no fear that their success would do the Republican cause any harm. The verdict of the arrondissements would be the same as the verdict of the departments, or, if there were any difference, it would be that the absence of those opportunities of compromise which are afforded by large constituencies, each returning many candidates, would give the more advanced Republicans a decided advantage over the moderate. M. GAMBETTA's apparent bravado has turned out to be the simple truth. The elections of Sunday have returned a large Republican majority, and it is supposed, though as yet probably upon very insufficient grounds, that in this majority the Republicans of the Left are more numerous than the Republicans of the Centre. The Conservative party, as we pointed out at the time, ran a tremendous risk in insisting upon the choice of weapons in the electoral duel. Even if the *scrutin d'arrondissement* had yielded the precise results they expected, their adversaries would have been able to taunt them with being afraid to appeal to the country without first redistributing the constituencies; and now that the constituencies have been redistributed without success, they are left with no sort of explanation to offer, except that their policy is discredited and they themselves disliked. They relied upon their local influence to counteract the unpopularity of their administration; but the result has shown that there is a degree of unpopularity which no amount of local influence can get over. They have fared as ill in the arrondissements where they are known as they could have fared in the departments in which they are unknown. As though to show that they meant to leave undone nothing that could by possibility accentuate their defeat, M. BUFFET made a parade of his determination to remain in office during the elections, and to make full use of such administrative pressure as he could bring to bear upon the electors in order to secure their going in the right way. He nearly broke with M. LÉON SAY and M. DUFUAU because they directed their subordinates not to employ the influence of the Government either in bribing or in intimidating voters. The tradition which used to be so powerful in France was once more to be put to the trial, and it was to be ascertained by actual experiment whether the rurals could bring themselves to vote in contradiction to what they heard from mayors and prefects was the wish of the Government. In this respect also the Conservatives have had their way, and their way has turned out to be their folly. All that M. BUFFET succeeded in achieving was the reputation of being anxious to stifle the voice of the constituencies. What number of votes he lost by this means it is impossible to say. Judging by the result of the elections, he can scarcely have gained any.

Certainly, if the responsibility of making the elections what they are rests mainly with M. BUFFET, fortune has for once been fair in her dealings. His is the punishment as well. No other Minister has been equally on his trial before the country, and none has failed like him to get a seat in either Chamber. It seems hardly credible that the PRIME MINISTER of France, the responsible chief of what is supposed to be the strongest Executive in Europe, should have offered himself to four constituencies and have been rejected in all of them. It must be supposed that M. BUFFET did not pick out his constituencies at random, that he took anxious counsel with the prefects in order to ascertain the temper of the electors, and that he thought he was making everything safe by presenting himself at the same time before the four constituencies in which his répute was greatest. This is what M. BUFFET has reaped from his resolute dissociation of himself from the Republican party. He has posed in the presence of all France as the Arch-Conservative, and now there is not a constituency in the country which will consent to be represented by him. M. BUFFET has not attempted to disregard or explain away the purpose of Sunday. He has resigned, and, what is more to the purpose, he has probably advised Marshal MACMAHON to accept his resignation. That he has done the best thing that was open to him to do under the circumstances is plain. If he had remained in office until the Chambers met, he might have involved his colleagues in

his fall. As it is, the deputies will be propitiated by this prompt acceptance of the decision of the constituencies, and the reconstructed Ministry may be able to postpone any important debate until there has been time to take the measure of the new members.

M. GAMBETTA's prominence in the country is as marked in the elections to the Chamber of Deputies as in the earlier elections to the Senate. He has beaten M. NAQUET, whom chance or ambition had marked out as the Irreconcilable most bent upon rejecting M. GAMBETTA's leadership, and in Paris the Radical candidates returned all found it necessary, or, if not necessary, at least very much to their advantage, to make their peace with M. GAMBETTA before the day of voting. When this fact is borne in mind, the significance of the Paris elections will be seen to have been exaggerated. It is very unfortunate, no doubt, that Paris should cherish an ineradicable passion for extreme Radicals, but it is a misfortune to which the world has by this time grown pretty well accustomed. Under all circumstances Paris will return the strongest Radicals that will serve her purpose; the really important consideration both in the elections of Sunday and in the elections to the Senate is what her precise purpose was. Upon this point at least there is no room for uncertainty. The campaign of the Irreconcilables in the autumn had stated the issue between them and M. GAMBETTA in unmistakable terms. M. GAMBETTA accepts the Constitution of February; M. LOUIS BLANC and M. NAQUET reject it. M. GAMBETTA sees nothing incompatible with Republican Government in a Second Chamber, or in a President capable of being re-elected and possessing the right of dissolving the Legislature; M. LOUIS BLANC and M. NAQUET hold that a Constitution invested with these characteristics is nothing better than a Monarchy in disguise. M. GAMBETTA regards the existing Republic as a reality, which admits, no doubt, of being improved, but which has in the first instance to be preserved; M. LOUIS BLANC and M. NAQUET regard the existing Republic as a changeling which must be utterly got rid of before the true Republic can be created. Here is a perfectly intelligible series of distinctions—distinctions which go well to the root of the matter, and involve the gravest practical consequences. The really critical fact in the Paris elections is that, when this issue was presented to the electors, they made it clear that, for a Radical to serve their purpose, he must serve M. GAMBETTA's purpose also. It may be objected that M. LOUIS BLANC himself is among the deputies returned for Paris, and that, if the Paris elections are judged by the standard just suggested, M. LOUIS BLANC's opinions are more popular than M. GAMBETTA's. The answer is that M. LOUIS BLANC has obtained success by first laying down his arms. He did not present himself as an opponent of M. GAMBETTA; on the contrary, he submitted to have his name inserted in the list of candidates recommended by M. GAMBETTA. In point of fact, the chief of the Irreconcilables sought to be readmitted to the fold as the indispensable condition of getting returned. This is not the attitude M. LOUIS BLANC would have taken if he had felt that Paris was as irreconcilable as himself. Instead of allowing the distinction between himself and M. GAMBETTA to drop into the background, he would rather have dragged it into prominence. Instead of accepting M. GAMBETTA's patronage, he would have defied his opposition. What is true of Paris is true of the other great cities. In every one of them there has been ample opportunity for the Irreconcilables to take up M. GAMBETTA's glove, and in every one they have either exercised a prudent discretion by accommodating their professions to their fortunes, or have declined to come forward at all, or have come forward only to invite defeat.

As regards the political complexion of the Republicans who have been returned to the new Chamber it is impossible to form any positive opinion. They have mostly been represented as belonging to the more advanced section of the party. But this estimate comes from Conservative sources, and allowance must be made for a natural disposition to represent their own defeat as being at the same time a defeat of moderate men of all parties. A great number of the deputies are untried men, whose place in the Chamber cannot be exactly assigned. Unless the temper of the country has been strangely misread, the violent doctrines attributed to them will prove to be summed up in a violent dislike of the late Prime Minister, a sentiment which is not of necessity either revolutionary or immoral. The strength of the Bonapartists in the new Chamber is less than we should have been inclined to pre-

dict. It does not exceed, even if it does not fall short of, the hundred seats which M. GAMBETTA long ago estimated that they would secure; and considering how favourable the policy of the Government during the last two years has been to the Bonapartist cause, to have been stationary is almost equivalent to losing ground.

RECENT ELECTIONS.

SINCE the introduction of the Ballot no Government, however large a majority it commands, can afford to be lulled into security. The sudden and complete reaction which drove Mr. GLADSTONE from office is likely to become a precedent. It may perhaps be desirable that the Ministry for the time being should be stimulated to vigilance by conscious insecurity of tenure; but constituencies are influenced by many considerations which have little to do with the policy or merits of a Government. During the last Session it was often said that the anarchy of the Liberal party and the personal rivalries of its leading members rendered it impossible for the Opposition to succeed to office. Since that time the discipline of the party has been in some degree re-established; and the habit of united action will gradually tend to create a common purpose; but the dangers which the present Government has reason to apprehend are neither immediate nor dependent on the disposition of the House of Commons. If the next general election results in the return of a Liberal majority, the difficulties of detail which may be found in the formation of a new Government will assuredly be overcome. About fifty elections which have occurred since the opening of the present Parliament have not materially altered the balance of parties; but of late the Government has not been uniformly lucky. Within the month of February three Liberals of extreme opinions have been elected, and two of them have succeeded to Conservative members. At Burnley the numbers of the minority had increased since 1874. Perhaps electors of moderate opinions were induced to join the Conservative party by the selection of Mr. RYLANDS as a candidate, and by the certificates of his merits which were furnished by Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT. If merited personal retribution furnishes any compensation for political defeat, the better class of Manchester Conservatives may perhaps be consoled for the failure of Mr. POWELL. As a believer in newfangled theories and an enemy of established institutions, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT may perhaps sincerely think that Irish Home Rule may properly be regarded as an open question. Mr. POWELL's professed readiness to accept the pledge which was tendered to the candidates by Mr. BUTT and Mr. MITCHELL HENRY suggests reflections of a different kind. A professed willingness to inquire into the merits of Home Rule was an acceptance of Mr. RUTT's principle. A Conservatism which does not include the conservation of the United Kingdom is unintelligible except as a party badge. If Mr. POWELL had no scruples as to the dismemberment of the Empire, he might still have calculated more accurately the gain or loss which might result from tampering with sedition. The Irish agitators are the natural allies of the Liberal section to which Mr. JACOB BRIGHT belongs, and they have reason to hope for his support. As soon as they had induced Mr. POWELL to renounce the principles which he might have been expected to maintain, their influence with the Irish portion of the constituency was placed at the disposal of Mr. BRIGHT. On the other hand, Mr. POWELL probably alienated some of the most respectable members of his party, though it is impossible to ascertain whether his conditional adherence to Home Rule was the cause of his defeat. A fourth part of the constituency abstained from voting; some of them perhaps because they were indifferent between two adherents of Mr. BUTT. Another class of seceders have less excuse for their conduct. It is said that a certain section of the clergy of Manchester voted for Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, the professed and irreconcilable adversary of the Church, for the purpose of expressing disapprobation of the Government. It matters little whether their complaints of Mr. DISRAELI's conduct were well founded. Their own proceeding was inconsistent with any public principle, although it is explained by one of the most notorious weaknesses of human nature. The vulgar fallacy that an open enemy should be preferred to an unaccommodating friend ought not to impose on any reasonable mind. The

ecclesiastics who followed Mr. BRIGHT have placed themselves on a level with mutinous Liberals who vote against their own convictions because their party declines to advocate contagious diseases or compulsory abstinence.

In the much less important borough of Leominster the Conservatives have suffered a serious discomfiture. It was supposed that the late member retired for the purpose of accommodating the Government by providing a safe seat for the SOLICITOR-GENERAL; but a local magnate who had not been consulted thought fit to display his resentment by starting as a candidate a member of his own family who had at one time represented the borough. The vacancy had been awkwardly created two months before a new writ could be issued; and a provincial agitator profited by the interval to prosecute a canvass which has proved unexpectedly successful. For twenty years Leominster had been uninterruptedly Conservative, and under a system of open voting it would have remained Conservative for twenty years longer. Mr. BLAKE's election is probably as distasteful to the moderate Liberals of the borough and of the neighbourhood as to the party which has been actually defeated. The ultra-Radicals, when they welcome their recruit, will perhaps perceive that they have been hasty in denouncing the existence of small rural boroughs, which have passed under new conditions since the introduction of the Ballot. Some little time was required to accustom voters to the abolition of the influence of property and station. The cheap pleasure of thwarting with entire impunity landlords, customers, and employers is more keenly felt in obscure places such as Leominster than in great constituencies which have been accustomed to political contests.

Even the county constituencies, though they are still faithful to the party which they have long supported, furnish causes of anxiety to Conservative leaders and managers of elections. The tenant-farmers begin to waver in their allegiance to the great landowners who have hitherto nominated candidates. In Shropshire, in Dorsetshire, and in East Suffolk, the only significance of the recent contests has been that they more or less represented the antagonism of classes previously united. Mr. EASTON, indeed, who was defeated a few months ago in another division of the same county, is a Liberal; and East Anglian farmers perhaps associate his political principles with the demand of agricultural labourers for the franchise. The member for North Shropshire is, like his opponent, a Conservative and a landed proprietor; but he was not generally supported by his own class, and he probably received aid from the Liberals. The farmers who returned Mr. LEIGHTON were perhaps chiefly bent on asserting their own independence; but, when questions affecting the tenure of land are raised, the newly-awakened political ambition of the tenantry will be directed to definite objects. Mr. FOWLER, who was defeated by a considerable majority in Dorsetshire, is himself a tenant-farmer. Although it may be desirable that occupiers of land should not be considered as ineligible for county seats, the character of the representation would not be improved if it were transferred from the class to which it has hitherto been confined. It may be admitted that the farmers themselves acquiesce for the most part in the preference accorded to landowners. The contest in Berkshire was analogous to that in North Shropshire, although the result was different. It seems that a section of the farmers resented the nomination of the candidate who has been returned, on the not unreasonable ground that they had not been consulted. Those who desire to control county elections will show little political tact if they fail to recognize the power which is now exercised by the tenant-farmers. It would be suicidal to alienate allies who may be retained and conciliated by prudent deference to their legitimate susceptibility. The class which can at its pleasure decide an election may well insist on being at least nominally consulted in the choice of a candidate.

Whigs and old-fashioned Liberals probably regard successive borough elections with uneasiness and dissatisfaction. The latest additions to their own party will scarcely have been welcome. The gradually decreasing influence of the managers of parties over the selection of members is a change, and perhaps not an improvement, in the Constitution. Local capitalists and employers of labour, who add solidity to a party, incline more and more to Conservative opinions; and local agitators of extreme opinions are troublesome adherents. Neither party finds it easy to provide seats for some of its most useful members. Lord

HARTINGTON himself represents a remote Welsh borough with which he has no permanent connexion. The Government, on the other hand, has for three months been in search of a constituency for the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and he is at last compelled to resort to Horsham, where there was a vacancy immediately after his appointment. It is difficult in the absence of minute local knowledge to judge of the probable result of the contest; but in one recent election the votes were equally divided; and the present vacancy is caused by the exclusion of a Liberal member on petition. Sir HARDINGE GIFFARD may perhaps be well advised in descending in his addresses to the level of the humblest Conservative voter, but it is not altogether edifying to learn the grounds on which a law officer of the Government asks for the suffrages of the Horsham electors. Gratitude to Mr. DISRAELI for the franchise which he is said to have bestowed on the householders may be abated by the reflection that Mr. GLADSTONE swept away numerous limitations on the suffrage which were originally proposed by Conservative Governments. If commonplaces and innocent fallacies tend to promote his immediate object, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL is perhaps not to be blamed for condescending to the meanest capacities. If he is returned for Horsham he will of course vote with his party and his colleagues, and his readiness and spirit will be useful in debate. A defeat at Horsham, which is not improbable, would greatly embarrass the Government. It is easy to buy out a sitting member with a baronetcy, but no Government can give titles to the electors who must be consulted.

COUNT ARNIM.

IT is reported by a telegram which, like other telegrams, may possibly have a shadow of truth in it, that Count ARNIM is to be prosecuted once more, and this time his offence is designated as high treason. It is by the publication of the pamphlet entitled *Pro Nihilo* that he is supposed to have laid himself open to so severe a charge. Of high treason in the English sense of the word it is ridiculous to imagine that Count ARNIM has been guilty; but it appears from the pages of the pamphlet itself that Germans use the phrase in a sense of their own. Count ARNIM is constantly defending himself in its pages against the imputation that he has done something treasonable; and it would appear that by treasonable he means something improper in an official. It may be conjectured that, if the telegram is true at all, and Count ARNIM is to be further prosecuted, what is really meant is that he will be arraigned on the charge of having violated the article of the Code by which it is made a penal offence to publish official documents or betray State secrets to the detriment of the State. Whether the German Government would act wisely in prosecuting Count ARNIM on such a charge is a matter on which opinions may differ. *Pro Nihilo* is a most foolish composition, and shows Count ARNIM to be one of the silliest of men. To despise it, and leave it to be quietly forgotten, would therefore seem to be the course which a prudent Government would follow. The punishment already inflicted on Count ARNIM has also been very severe, for he has been disgraced, banished, and, worst of all, shown to the world at his real value. The last pitiful cry of a ruined exile might therefore be allowed to expend itself in the silence of space. But, on the other hand, it must be owned that the German Government may very justifiably think that some very strong mark of reprobation ought to be set on the conduct of a person who uses his former position as Ambassador to publish such a composition as *Pro Nihilo*. The author himself admits that the publication of the documents given to the world in *Pro Nihilo* is "contrary to every fair tradition in the annals of diplomacy." That an ex-Ambassador should publish official documents without the permission of his Government, and for the express purpose of injuring and exposing the head of the Government, is certainly opposed to fair traditions. Count ARNIM exculpates himself on the ground that the documents published in *Pro Nihilo* were all communicated by the Government to the tribunal on the occasion of the late trial, and that the Public Prosecutor asked that all but one of them should be read in open Court. This may make a legal difference, and it perhaps reduces the extent of Count ARNIM's violation of fair traditions. However, as Count ARNIM acknowledges that he has violated these traditions, and does what he owns to be wrong in him as an

Ambassador, in order that he may right himself with the public in his contest with Prince BISMARCK, there is little more to be said on the point. But it must be observed that other things are revealed in *Pro Nihilo* than despatches between Paris and Berlin. Count ARNIM has thought fit to give the substance of his conversation with the EMPEROR, and to record the precise terms in which, as he alleges, the EMPEROR himself complained to him of the arrogance and jealous domineering spirit of Prince BISMARCK. It is difficult to find terms of condemnation too severe for an Ambassador who lays before the public expressions used in the strictest confidence to him by the Sovereign. Loyalty and honour would be at an end if men entrusted with high office were not accustomed to think that such mischievous indiscretion as this is one of which they could no more be guilty than of picking a pocket.

Count ARNIM undoubtedly shows in his pamphlet that Prince BISMARCK is by no means a pleasant person to have to deal with when he is offended. He is by no means scrupulous as to the means he employs or the persons whom he sets to work. He does not play fair; he makes and takes all the advantages he can. He and Count ARNIM quarrelled, and there can be no question that Prince BISMARCK determined that Count ARNIM should get the worst in the quarrel. The real, if not the sole, origin of the quarrel was that Count ARNIM determined to be Prince BISMARCK's successor. In the language of *Pro Nihilo*, the belief that he was indispensable gave Prince BISMARCK despotic power. "Suddenly a man arose who threatened to rob him of his "charm of infallibility, and whom the public pointed to as "his successor." It is one of the peculiarities of *Pro Nihilo* that it is written throughout as if Count ARNIM had nothing to do with it, and as if he were one of the heroes of ancient history, whose career it is interesting to study on account of his gigantic merits. However, as the pamphlet puts it, "suddenly a man arose." This man happened at the time to be Ambassador at Paris, and therefore occupied what was then a post of very great importance. The relations of Germany and France were very strained for some time after the war, and Prince BISMARCK was of opinion that it was he, and not this suddenly arising man, who ought to decide what the relations of the two countries should be. The difficulty was that Prince BISMARCK could not recall Count ARNIM as an English Foreign Secretary would recall an Ambassador of whose official conduct he disapproved, since no one but the EMPEROR could do that, and the EMPEROR had a tenderness for Count ARNIM, which this man of gigantic merit has now repaid by betraying the EMPEROR's private conversations. On the other hand, Count ARNIM would not resign. He was treated, in his opinion, as no Ambassador ought to be treated; he was humiliated and insulted. But the more he thought Prince BISMARCK wanted to get rid of him, the more tightly he resolved to stick to his post. Whatever he did, Prince BISMARCK found fault with him; and, if the statements of the pamphlet are correct, he sometimes found fault where Count ARNIM had not deserved blame. To defend Prince BISMARCK is no part of the business of an English writer, and he is supremely indifferent to being defended by any one. But it must be remembered that, although there was a personal quarrel between the two men, in which Prince BISMARCK, partly through his unscrupulous way of doing business, and partly through the amazing indiscretion of Count ARNIM, was ultimately triumphant, there was also a real divergence of policy. Prince BISMARCK was not fighting about a matter to which the interests of Germany were alien. He had much larger, bolder, and more statesmanlike views than Count ARNIM, understood Germany and France far better, and was honestly bent on getting what was best carried out. Had the man who suddenly arose really succeeded at that time in robbing Prince BISMARCK of his charm, Germany would have suffered as much as the infallible CHANCELLOR.

Throughout the two combatants were in a wrong position. As Count ARNIM says, he could not make up his mind whether Prince BISMARCK was his official superior or not. The head of the Foreign Office seems to have a claim to the obedience of Ambassadors; but then, as Count ARNIM kept saying to himself, he was the Ambassador, not of the CHANCELLOR, but of the EMPEROR. Prince BISMARCK complained that the picture of the state of things in France given by Count ARNIM was quite out of keeping with that which he, Prince BISMARCK, was in the

habit of presenting to the mind of his Sovereign. Count ARNIM replied that it was his business to enlighten the mind of his master. Prince BISMARCK on one occasion intimated that it would be as well if Count ARNIM coloured his reports so as to be in keeping with Prince BISMARCK's views, and the obvious retort was that this was not the way to let the EMPEROR see two sides of a question. Count ARNIM was fully possessed with the notion that he was a man who had suddenly arisen, that the EMPEROR ought to profit by his virtue, wisdom, and experience, and that the destined succession to which the voice of the public called him might as well come soon as late. Prince BISMARCK was equally determined that he would not be replaced, and he was anxious to show that his destined successor was not at all fit to replace him. The EMPEROR also seems to have been quite at a loss to know what was the true position of Count ARNIM, and was as much bewildered as Count ARNIM himself. The theory that the Ambassador was a servant exclusively of the EMPEROR broke down in practice. The EMPEROR would not order Count ARNIM to leave Paris, and kept up a sort of kindness towards him, but he could not prevent Prince BISMARCK treating Count ARNIM in a very high-handed way. All he could do was to pour into Count ARNIM's faithless bosom confidential laments over the imperiousness of his CHANCELLOR. In theory, he ought to have either condemned and removed his servant at Paris or to have retained and upheld him. In practice, he kept him on and let him be bullied. This is not to the discredit of the EMPEROR. He was merely undergoing the sufferings of a person living in a moment of transition. The old traditions of the small Prussian Court had died out; the constitutional traditions of Germany had not yet been formed. In such a state of things, when differences arise, the strongest will and the boldest mind generally wins its way. Prince BISMARCK has won, and he has won so completely that it might be thought he would do much better not to seem to have any wish to trample on a fallen foe.

THE INDIAN LEGISLATION BILL.

WHILE some members of the House of Commons were silently wondering whether the head of the great Scotch house of CAMPBELL was really a bigger man than the Maharaja of JEYPORE or the Subahdar of the DECCAN, and while Mr. LOWE was calmly demolishing our Indian Empire as he has demolished classics, a Bill was slipping through an important stage of existence to which we think it imperative that public attention should be drawn. It concerns not so much the QUEEN as her representative; it has to do with the dignity and the efficiency of the Government of India, not with Imperial titles and high-sounding names. It seems that for some time past difficulties have been felt, or rather imagined to have been felt, with regard to the legislative powers of the Governor-General of India. They were uncertain. They were liable to be called in question. They were possibly "unconstitutional," though Mr. ROEBUCK has just told us that this term may often be used with very little meaning. Accordingly, last Session a Bill was brought in to set these doubts and difficulties at rest; and, if we recollect rightly, it provided that, in case the High Court thought any legislative enactment of the Viceroy to be at variance with any Act of Parliament, it was to resort to the following process. The Judges were to certify their opinion to the Viceroy, who was to certify to the Secretary of State, who was to take the advice of the Privy Council. This circuitous process having been abandoned, a new Bill has now been introduced which is to attain the same object, but by a different route. We may remark that the most sagacious observer could not have divined from the report of the debate on the second reading, as it appeared in the *Times*, that the present Bill was not of the most uninteresting, trivial, or trumpery character. A debate on the election of a night nurse in a county infirmary would have received more space and attention in a local journal. It is only from the *Morning Post* that we can discover how important are the consequences of the proposed legislation to the good and effective government of the dependency which is henceforth to be prominently associated with HER MAJESTY's name. While we have been called apparently to exalt the dignity of the Viceroy in one direction, we are practically invited to degrade it in another; and Mr. FAWCETT was not in

the least overstepping the line of the strictest truth when he denounced this Bill as injurious to the power and position of the Governor-General. There is a good deal in the measure which repeats or consolidates previous Acts, or which is at least inoffensive and unobjectionable. That the Viceroy in his own Council should have power to legislate for all persons, all Courts, and all things whatsoever in our own territories; for all native Indian subjects beyond those territories; for Englishmen in native States, and for all persons on the high seas within certain limits; that local Councils at Madras and Bombay should not be permitted to handle certain vital or delicate subjects, such as the public debt, the currency, the post-office, religion, the army, our foreign relations, and the penal code; and that the Secretary of State shall have power to disallow any law or regulation passed either by the local or by the Supreme Council, is perfectly just, politic, and proper. But the Bill goes on to introduce two provisions for which no exigency has been pleaded, for which no justification has been put forth, which are likely to lead to most unseemly complications, and which are altogether inconsistent with the arduous task now imposed on a Viceroy round whom difficulties thicken and trials increase. It recites that, if a division of any High Court, in its appellate or extraordinary original jurisdiction, shall deem any law passed by the Viceroy, and not disallowed by the Secretary of State, to be repugnant to an Act of Parliament, the Judges may decide that such law, or part of it, is invalid. Then a copy of the judgment is to be sent to the Viceroy, who is either to repeal the Act or to refer it home, whereupon the Secretary of State is allowed to appeal to the Privy Council. And it is also provided that any Court-martial which may think like the High Court is to look to the Act of Parliament and completely throw overboard the Indian legislation.

These provisions, though professedly intended to restrict the power of the lower judicial Courts to arraign the legislative acts of the Indian Government, start altogether from an unsound principle, and may lead to amazing results. They seem akin to the sort of statesmanship which last year gratified disloyal natives and dismayed Anglo-Indians by the blunders of the Baroda case. By one class in India the proposal will be received with indignation; by another with incredulity; by some with pert approval; and by not a few with the malicious glee which is shown by a mischievous schoolboy when there is a prospect of the head-master and the usher coming to loggerheads. Nothing more delights certain sections of the native community than the excitement of an unseemly contest between two great powers in the State. There are always in India rich people with money to spend in gratifying their whims or airing their grievances, and there are fluent advocates who like to show that such or such an act is quite beyond the power of the State. The Zemindars of Bengal are invariably ready to cry out that some law taxing them or compelling them not to neglect their duty nullifies the Perpetual Settlement. Bigoted Brahmins would have retained Suttee in old days, and more recently would have deprived converts of the rights of inheritance and marriage. Wahabis are ready to arraign every act of the State and its officers with an acrimony compounded of sectarian zeal and political rancour. A score of things may happen at any moment to arouse these selfish and disloyal feelings, which will survive half-a-dozen Royal visits. The High Court may any day, when any law is found inconvenient, be turned into an arena for seditious and inflammatory political harangues. The Judges of the High Court are usually men of high character and independence, but they may be compelled to listen for hours to arguments which they cannot endorse, and may not like to check ardent and impulsive barristers bent on convincing their clients that the independent Englishman is not so easily put down. No matter if the case is visibly hopeless from the first. The High Court may ultimately decide that there is no repugnancy, but the object will have been gained. A rich and influential party will grudge no expense in feeding fat its hatred against law and authority; the tale will be diffused by the thousand channels of a seditious press into every bazaar of the province; and the half-educated and wholly credulous natives will have learnt with joy that there is a power somewhere which can safely insult the Viceroy and defy his officers. This is no imaginary picture. In a political trial held a very few years ago, a barrister, now deceased, delivered an harangue in favour of his clients which very nearly brought himself within

the grasp of the penal code; and all readers must recollect passages in Indian history, from the time of IMPEY and HASTINGS down to recent days, in which, if statesmen were not lawyers, Judges showed plainly that they could be active politicians.

The true remedy for any possible abuse of power by the Viceroy is to be sought for elsewhere, and it is not far off. His laws are now passed after long deliberation, with full publicity, with ample time for petitioning, and under unrestricted comment. They are subjected to the revision of experienced colleagues whose careers have been spent in testing, applying, and suggesting all sorts of laws. His Council contains invariably one Englishman, previously unconnected with India, of the legal profession, who is always a good lawyer and occasionally has been a profound jurist. The assistance of Law Officers outside the Council, corresponding to the Attorney- and Solicitor-General, can be called in at any moment. The Secretary of State can put his veto on any project of legislation in any stage of its progress, even when it has been threshed out in Council and published in the *Calcutta Gazette*. Lord SALISBURY has no want of able and experienced advisers around him, in Council and outside it, who can be relied on to detect the minutest invasion of Parliamentary privilege. The House of Commons, too, is not likely to overlook its own dignity and rights. It will doubtless be contended that, by subjecting the legislative action of the Viceroy to the dispassionate revision of a high judicial Court, we are teaching the natives to understand a Constitution and to respect the tribunals of the land. The reply to this is that, on the contrary, we shall be inviting them to find reasons for delaying obedience and defying authority. In short, the Bill is an attempt to evade responsibility and escape unpleasant discussion. We are given to understand that the project has not been formally laid before the Indian Council; and the time for these alterations strikes us as most inopportune. One Viceroy is coming home; and a successor cannot be expected to take in at a glance the awkward situation in which he may be placed by these timid concessions. Our first duty is to teach natives to obey those laws which several of their number have actually helped to pass. Giving "a Parliamentary title" to the legislative powers of the Governor-General, as urged by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, is all very well; but this can easily be done without inviting any knot of rich and discontented natives to challenge the highest authority of the Empire, and without turning a Court-house into a school for rabid declamation, under the mistaken notion that we are thereby establishing the "Reign of Law."

COMMONS INCLOSURE.

M R. CROSS'S new Commons Bill is designed to get the procedure in cases of inclosure out of the deadlock into which the change in public feeling on the subject has lately brought it. Inclosures in the way provided by Act of Parliament have been almost abandoned, because no owner of common land cared to risk the opposition which any proposal of the kind was almost sure to encounter in the House of Commons; and in their stead there has grown up a practice of inclosing with a high hand, in the hope that the fear of incurring expense may prevent those who have a right to object from doing so by process of law. It is certainly well that the uncertainty which has lately hung round the question should be removed. If an inclosure is not injurious to the public interest, and promotes the interest, or may be made to promote the interest, of the private owners, it is desirable that an owner should know the precise nature of the process he has to go through, and the nature also of the opposition which he has to expect. If, on the other hand, an inclosure is injurious to the public interest, it is clearly desirable that there should be some mode of applying for it unmistakably marked out, so that the objectors may at least know at what stage they must be prepared to offer resistance, and upon what body it is that they must endeavour to make their influence felt. Mr. Cross proposes to attain these ends by making better provision for preliminary inquiries into the circumstances of each particular inclosure, and by leaving the responsibility of consenting to each inclosure entirely with Parliament. The first step towards an inclosure will be the publication, in manner prescribed by the Inclosure Commissioners, of the intention of the persons interested in a

certain common to apply to the Commissioners for a provisional order of inclosure. If the common is within six miles of a town of not less than five thousand inhabitants, notice must at the same time be given to the sanitary authority having jurisdiction in such town. The applicants are bound to furnish the Commissioners with particulars as to the population of the neighbourhood, the distance of the common from any towns or villages, and the provisions which it is proposed to make either for recreation grounds or for allotments in lieu of common rights. The Commissioners are specially instructed to require the applicants to state why they think it better that the common should be inclosed and not merely regulated, and why the inclosure is expedient when viewed in relation to the benefit of the neighbourhood. If this provision is properly carried out it will be one of the most valuable in the Bill. Nothing will more tend to discourage applications for inclosures than the necessity of showing cause why they will be a positive advantage, and not merely not a disadvantage, to the inhabitants of the district. The imposition of such an obligation on the applicants themselves makes the duty of the Commissioners in the matter absolutely unmistakable. If the plaintiff, so to speak, is ordered to show the Court that the granting of his prayer will be for the benefit of the defendant as well as for his own benefit, much more will it be the duty of the Court to see that this is thoroughly established. If the Commissioners are satisfied upon this information that a *prima facie* case has been made out, their next step will be to order a local inquiry. For this purpose an Assistant-Commissioner will be directed to inspect the common, and to hold a public meeting at a time and place suitable for securing the attendance of the neighbouring inhabitants. Twenty-one days' notice is to be given of the meeting, and the notice is to state that the meeting is public, that it is held for the purpose of enabling the Assistant-Commissioner to hear all persons desirous of being heard on the subject, and that it is desirable that all such persons should make a point of attending the meeting. The proceedings at the meeting, together with all other results of his inquiries, are to be reported in writing to the Commissioners. If the Commissioners are now satisfied that, "having regard to the benefit of the neighbourhood, as well as to private interests, it is expedient to proceed further in the matter," they are to frame a provisional order of inclosure, and submit it to the consideration of the parties interested in the common. When the necessary consents have been obtained, they are to submit all the facts to Parliament. The provisional order will not take effect unless it is confirmed by statute.

Mr. FAWCETT has given notice of a motion declaring the provisions of the Bill inadequate for the due protection whether of commons generally or of the poor who are interested in particular commons. As regards the general drift of the measure, he inclines perhaps to lay too little stress on the necessity of Parliamentary consent to the validity of any order of the Commissioners, and on the obligation laid upon the Commissioners to put Parliament in possession of all the information they can get together about the commons it is proposed to inclose. It may be objected that the consent of Parliament has always been required for inclosures, and yet this has not prevented a very great deal of land being inclosed which would very much better have been left open. This was true, no doubt, until a very recent date, but it can hardly be said to be true now. The almost total cessation of inclosures during the last few years may be partly due to the uncertainty as to the course which legislation would take, and to the difficulty of getting Parliament to consent to any inclosure until that uncertainty was removed. But it was certainly also due to the growing conviction in the minds of those whose interest it was to inclose that the feeling of Parliament was setting more and more against them. If this conviction was well founded, is there any probability that Parliament will alter its mind on the question? We can see none. Mr. CROSS's speech in introducing the Bill was an example of the change which has come over the Conservative party in regard to inclosures; and, with the working classes promising to be yearly a more important element in political calculations, it is highly improbable that either party will wish to be associated in their minds with a disregard either of the public interest or of the interest of the holders of rights of common. Even if Mr. FAWCETT's estimate of the Commissioners is correct, and they will always lean to the side of inclosures, there is no reason to think that they will dis-

obey the law as regards the nature or extent of the information which they are bidden to collect and lay before Parliament. When once Parliament is in possession of that information, the responsibility passes out of the Commissioners' hands. It is true that, if the opponents of inclosures have hoped that under the new legislation they would be able to leave off work, they have good cause to be disappointed. It will still be necessary to exercise unceasing vigilance in the House of Commons in order to ensure that no private interest is served at the expense of the public interest. But unless we are prepared to go the length of saying that no more inclosures shall be permitted, there is no means of dispensing with this necessity. So long as inclosures are allowed, on condition that they can be shown to be for the advantage of the community as well as for that of individuals, there will be a tendency on the part of the owners to try to present the facts in the best possible light for their own objects. No Commission, however carefully constituted, can be trusted to thwart these attempts so well as Parliament.

It does not follow, however, that because the general purpose of the Commons Bill is good, there is not great room for improvement in its details. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE pointed out with much justice that, besides the inclosures effected through the agency of the Commissioners, there are others that are effected by the simpler process which had so nearly succeeded in the case of Epping Forest. To resist an inclosure is a costly business, and if the Corporation of London had not happened to possess rights of common in the Forest, it is probable that this great playground of Eastern London would have been lost. There is not, unfortunately, a wealthy Corporation always at hand to fight the battle, and if the Bill is to be the last word of the Legislature on the subject, it ought to provide some cheap and easy means of testing the legality of inclosures of reputed commons effected by the mere act of the owner without the intervention of the Commissioners. For example, it might be enacted that notice should be given to the Commissioners in every case of inclosure of waste lands, so as to enable them to make inquiry whether the Inclosure Acts applied to them. Or the Commissioners might be instructed, on receiving information of any attempted inclosure, to inquire into the owner's alleged right, and, in the event of this proving doubtful, to take legal proceedings to contest it. Without some provision of this kind a good deal of perfectly illegal inclosing may go on simply from the absence of any one rich enough to dispute the point. The true character and position of the Commissioners would be better understood if, instead of being called Inclosure Commissioners, they were called Commons' Protection Commissioners. The protection of commons is the function which under the new Bill they are mainly intended to discharge, and it would be well that this fact should appear in their title. The disposition of Inclosure Commissioners, as some one said in the House of Commons, will always be to inclose, and in like manner it might be hoped that the disposition of Protection Commissioners would more and more be to protect. A poor man who wanted to resist an inclosure in his own neighbourhood would be more inclined to go for help to a body whose official title showed that their work was to prevent commons from being illegally inclosed than to a body whose official title merely expresses that they are the authorized agents for inclosing commons. It is true, no doubt, that the Commissioners exist to give effect to private interests when they conflict with no public interest, as well as to defend the public interests against the attempted encroachments of private interests. But the latter is admitted to be the more important function of the two, and for that reason it is the one from which the Commission ought to take its name.

THE MEMORIAL TO KEATS.

A ROMANTIC fascination will always attach to the memory of those two "marvellous boys" whose names shine with a strange and almost unearthly lustre in the galaxy of English poets. But although the tragical element is most conspicuous in the desolate life and premature end of the author of the *Rowley Poems*—a boy still when he sought relief from starvation by suicide—a warmer human interest belongs to the brief career of the poet who was immortalized in the *Elegy of Adonais*. The anticipation of that immortality, which he dared not look for, would indeed have shed a brighter light over the almost solitary deathbed of Keats. English visitors to Rome will be familiar with that grassy slope amid the

ruins of the Honorian walls which forms the Protestant cemetery, and none of them can have turned unmoved from the humble tombstone, inscribed by the express desire of him who sleeps beneath with the mournful epitaph, "Here rests one whose name was writ in water." Experience has long since proved that the dying poet was unjust alike to himself and to the judgment of his countrymen. It did not need the exquisite tribute paid to his memory by a brother poet of still higher fame to rescue from oblivion that most musical "wail and remonstrance of a disinherited Paganism," which can only cease to be appreciated when the English language itself is forgotten. There was a fitness in the modest ceremony which took place last Monday in that quiet Roman burial-ground, where, more than fifty years after the stone with that sad inscription was placed over the remains of John Keats, a large assembly of English and Americans were collected round it to witness the unveiling of a medallion effigy erected in his honour on the pilaster of the neighbouring gateway. An address was delivered by Major-General Sir Vincent Eyre, who mentioned that the sculptor, Mr. Warrington Wood, had generously declined any payment for his work, and that the contributions would therefore form the nucleus of a larger fund for a bust proposed to be placed in Poets' Corner, if the requisite permission could be obtained. Of the "requisite permission" there can, we presume, be very little doubt under the present guardianship of the Abbey, though the honour has been considerably cheapened by the reckless facility, not to say indiscriminate eagerness, with which it has been hawked about of late years. It would be hardly possible for those who almost forcibly seized the body of Dickens to refuse admission to Keats. We have so often expressed our opinion of the graceless Philistinism which has metamorphosed "the metropolitan abbey" into a sort of Pagan Walhalla for the worship—or rather the regulated inspection—of departed celebrity, that there is no need to recur to the subject now. It does not perhaps matter much whether one name more or less is placed on the miscellaneous bead-roll of the Westminster vergers' martyrology. But we shall not be misunderstood when we say that, if this sort of thing is to go on at all, few have a better claim to such posthumous recognition than the author of *Endymion*, whose body rests in a foreign land beneath "the light of laughing flowers," which he told his friend Severn, just before the end came, had given him "the intensest pleasure he received during life, and which he already felt growing over him."

The brief career of Keats, with its bright promise so early nipped in the bud, was at best melancholy enough; but it is too much the fashion to make it out even more tragical than it actually was. The keynote of the popular view about him was struck by the brutal sneer of another poet, who was as fond of affecting a delicate sensibility as he was coarsely contemptuous of the reality. Byron, who tells us that he met the (certainly unjust) attack on his early poems by "drinking three bottles of claret and beginning to write" *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, could hardly be expected to appreciate the effect produced on such a mental organization as Keats's by the insolent and superficial abuse—for it cannot be called criticism—of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*. And he accordingly gave vent to his supercilious sense of superiority in the familiar couplet:—

"Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

But he was mistaken. When Keats was bidden, in the choice phraseology of his accomplished censors, "to go back to his gallipots" and remember that "a starved apothecary was better than a starved poet," he did not indeed drink three bottles of claret or sit down to compose a rejoinder as unscrupulous as the censure which evoked it. He did what was better. The claret perhaps he might, in those days before Mr. Gladstone, have found some difficulty in procuring, for in their sneer at his poverty the refined taste of his critics had hit upon its solitary basis of fact. But he wrote to his publisher that his own estimate of his shortcomings gave him far deeper pain than *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* could possibly inflict; and to his brother he observed on the same occasion, with a manly wisdom remarkable at his age—he was little over twenty—"The only thing that can ever affect me personally for more than one short passing day is my doubt about my powers for poetry; I seldom have any; and I look with hope to the nighing time when I shall have none." Yet his career, though not so dark as Chatterton's, was not a happy one. Born in 1795, he began very early to show signs of a highly imaginative and ardent temperament. As a schoolboy he was energetic, popular, and pugnacious, combining, as one of his schoolfellows expressed it, "a terrier-like resoluteness with a noble placability"—altogether a very lovable boy. Indeed, like most men of any real greatness, he retained through life a certain boyishness of character, in spite of some peculiarities of an apparently opposite kind. Thus on one occasion he distinguished himself by giving a severe drubbing to a butcher whom he caught beating a little boy, to the enthusiastic admiration of a group of bystanders. He left school early, and it is remarkable, considering the intensely classical tone of his mind and poetry, that he was not much of a Latin scholar, and never learnt Greek at all, and was dependent for his mythological knowledge on Lemprière's Dictionary. Perhaps, as Lord Houghton suggests, he would have lost in originality more than he gained in the avoidance of mannerism by the mental discipline of a more prolonged and regular education. When he came to London to walk the hospitals, though he was poor, he was not left like young Chatterton in ignoble isolation. Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Haydon, Gedwin, and Basil Montagu were among his early friends, and he

seems to have had the gift of inspiring in his friends a devoted attachment, which he no less warmly reciprocated. There was nothing about him of the calculating selfishness which so unpleasantly discredits the lofty professions of Byron. Women are more accurate observers than men, and the description of his personal appearance, when about twenty-two, given by a lady who used to meet him at Hazlitt's lectures, may still be read with interest:—"His eyes were large and blue, his hair auburn; he wore it divided down the middle, and it fell in rich masses on each side of his face; his mouth was full and less intellectual than his other features. His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness; it had the expression as if he had been looking at some glorious sight."

The two great sorrows of Keats's life came upon him close together. The first was the death of his brother Tom, to whom he was devotedly attached; the second, his passion for a lady, who appears to have fully returned it, but from whom he felt himself to be hopelessly separated by the want of means which made their marriage impossible. The treacherous constitution which he had inherited from his mother, who died of consumption, tended still further to depress him, though it did not break his spirit or interfere with his literary activity. But one night, two years before his death, on returning home in a state of great nervous excitability, he coughed on getting into bed and spat blood. He looked steadily at the stain on the pillow and then said quietly, "I know the colour of that blood; it is arterial blood; that drop is my death-warrant; I must die." Some years before Coleridge, after shaking hands with him, had observed to a friend, "There is death in that hand." However, he appeared to recover; but, in the following autumn, spitting of blood came on again, and he was ordered to spend the winter in Italy. Mr. Severn, a young artist who had just received the first gold medal of the Royal Academy which had been awarded for twelve years, abandoned his prospects in England to accompany him. They went first to Naples, and thence to Rome, where, on February 27, 1821, Keats expired so peacefully that his friend thought he was still sleeping. We have spoken already of the despairing epitaph he ordered to be inscribed on his tombstone. Not many years later, another stone, with the inscription *Cor Cordium*, was erected near it to mark the resting-place of Shelley's heart. This is not the place for a literary criticism of Keats's poetry. That there is an immaturity alike about his genius and his character is true enough; but to speak of his work as promise only, and not performance, is a serious error. Had his training, his circumstances, and his physique, been other than they were, the result would no doubt have been more entirely satisfactory and complete. But, if "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," his poetry will live, and that quite independently of the "psychological wonder," as it has been justly termed, of such poems being produced by a young surgeon's apprentice, with the scanty culture and opportunities which alone had fallen to his lot, and who died in his twenty-sixth year. Indeed it may be said that its permanent hold on the public taste is by this time pretty well assured. It bears traces, no doubt, of the mental and physical sufferings which darkened his closing years, but not the less also of that sympathetic and genial temper which endeared him so much to his friends during life, and has ever since stirred the responsive sympathies of a widening circle of readers, old as well as young, who know him only by his works. The requiem uttered over Byron's grave by another poet prematurely snatched away before the promise of his youth had been realized may be far more justly applied to Keats, except that it sounds too deep an under-note of implied blame:—

Let feeble hands iniquitously just
Rake up the relics of the sinful dust;
Let ignorance scorn the pangs it cannot feel,
And malice brand what mercy would conceal.

There is little or nothing, indeed, in the moral character of the author or his poetry which requires to be concealed. To compare "the Keats of 1818 with the Mr. Algernon Swinburne of 1866" betrays a curious infelicity of judgment which could only be exhibited, we need hardly say, in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. Admission into Poets' Corner could never certainly be refused to him on the grounds which barred the entrance of Byron into those sacred precincts, if sacred they are still to be accounted in presence of the motley crowd of recent applicants for such questionable apotheosis. That he left his work unfinished was no fault of his, nor did he follow the lamentable example of Chatterton in deliberately cutting it short by a crime disguised under the sonorous misnomer of "a noble insanity of the soul." English poetry has no cause to be ashamed of the name of Keats, though there is much room for regret that he did not live long enough to vindicate his title to a yet higher eminence in the Temple of Fame.

RAGUSAN ARCHITECTURE.

WE have spoken in a former article of the general aspect and the historical position of the city and commonwealth of Ragusa, her hills, her walls, her ports, her combination of freedom from the lion of St. Mark with half dependence on the crescent of Mahomet. But this ancient and isolated city has yet something more to tell of. There are one or two of the municipal buildings of the fallen republic, buildings which, as far as we know, have never been studied or illustrated in detail in any English work, and

of which no worthy representation can be found on the spot. In the work of Eitelberger all that can be wanted will be found; but for the ordinary English student there is no help at all. Yet these buildings may really claim for Ragusa a place among those cities which stand foremost in the history of architectural progress. And this fact is the more remarkable, and the more to be insisted on, because of the general belief that there is little or nothing to see at Ragusa in the way of architecture. But the truth is that far more of the old city escaped the earthquake of 1667 than would be thought at first sight. Because the cathedral is later, because the general aspect of the main street is later, the idea is suggested that nothing is left but the municipal palace. That alone would be an important exception, but it is by no means the only one. If the traveller leaves the main street and turns up the narrow alleys which run from it up the hills on either side, alleys many of them which, at present at least, lead to nothing, he will find many scraps of domestic architecture which surely belong to times earlier than the great blow of the seventeenth century. Signs of that blow are seen in many places in the form of scraps of detail of various kinds irregularly built up in the wall; but there are a great number of pointed doorways still in their places which no man can think are later than 1667. There is also a not unpleasing type of Renaissance doorway, a lintel resting on two pilasters with fluted capitals, which one can hardly believe are due to a time so late as the days after the earthquake. In the churches too there is more left than the mere scraps which are built up again. Parts at least of the tall towers—neither of them detached—of the Franciscan and Dominican churches, the former in the main street, the latter near the eastern gate, are also earlier. In the former the line of junction between the older tower and the ugly church which has been built up against it is clearly to be seen. The upper stage of this tower and the small cupola which crowns it may be later than the earthquake; but, if so, they have caught the spirit of earlier work in an unusual degree, and all the lower part is in a form of Italian Gothic less unpleasing than usual. Both this tower and that of the Dominican church show how long the general type of the earliest Romanesque campaniles went on. Save the small cupola at the top, this tower has the perfect air, and almost the details, of a tower of the eleventh century; three ranges of windows with mid-wall shafts rise over one another; only they are grouped under containing arches in what in England we should call a Norman fashion. But, as this tower forms part of a Dominican monastery, it cannot be earlier than the thirteenth century, and its smaller details also cannot belong to any earlier date. Yet the general effect of this tower, even more than of the other, is that of a tower of the Primitive type. The Dominican church also keeps some parts in Italian Gothic which must be older than the earthquake, and the cloister is one of the best specimens of that style. Its groupings of tracery under round arches, the poverty of design in the tracery itself, strike us as weak, if our thoughts go back to Salisbury or Zürich; but the general effect is good, and the cloister—as distinguished from the buildings above it—may almost be called beautiful.

But the architectural glory of Ragusa is certainly not to be looked for among its churches. Two civic buildings of the highest interest escaped the common overthrow. They both—like other things in Ragusa—show the Italian Gothic in a form which is certainly less unpleasing than usual; but they also show something else which is of far higher value. They show that peculiar form of Italian Renaissance which can hardly be called Renaissance in any bad sense, which is in truth a last outburst of Romanesque, a living child of classical forms, not a dead imitation of them. Examples of this kind often meet us in Italy; we see something of it in the north side of the great Piazza at Venice as compared with the southern side; but the Ragusan examples go beyond anything that we know of elsewhere. Give the misnamed "Ducal Palace" of Ragusa—for Ragusa had no Doge, but a Rector—the same size, the same position, as the building which answers to it at Venice, and we should soon say that the city which so long held her own against Venice in other ways could hold her own in art also. The Venetian arcade cannot for a moment be compared to the Ragusan; the main front of the Ragusan building has escaped the addition of the ugly upper story which disfigures the Venetian. As wholes, of course no one can compare the two in general effect. St. Blaise must yield to St. Mark. But set St. Blaise's Palace on St. Mark's site; carry out his arcade to the same boundless extent, and there is little doubt which would be the grander. The Venetian building overwhelms by its general effect; the Ragusan building will bear the test of minute study.

The Palace of the Ragusan commonwealth was begun in 1388, and finished in 1435, in the reign, as an inscription takes care to announce, of the Emperor Siegmund. What name shall we give to the style of this most remarkable building, at all events to the style of its admirable arcade? Here are six arches—why did not the architect carry on the design through the whole length of the building?—which show what, as late as the fifteenth century, Italian art could still do, when it followed its natural promptings, instead of either binding itself by slavish precedents or striving after a helpless imitation of foreign forms. Never mind the date; here in Italian Romanesque in all its truth and beauty; here, in the land which gave Rome so many of her greatest Caesars, the arcade of Ragusa may worthily end the series which began with the arcades of Spalato. Siegmund, the last but one to wear the crown of Diocletian in the Eternal City, has his name not quite unworthily engraved on a building less removed than a distance of more than

eleven centuries would have led us to expect from the everlasting house of Jovius. Does some pedantic Vitruvian brand the columns as too short? The architect had grasped the truth that, as the arch takes the place of the entablature, the height of the arch may fairly be taken out of the height of the column. Does he blame the massive abaci? They are wrought to bear the greater immediate weight which the arch brings upon the capital, and they avoid such shifts as the Ravenna stilt and the Byzantine double capital. Does he blame the capitals, which certainly do not follow the exact rules of any Vitruvian order? Let us answer boldly, Why should art be put in fetters? A Corinthian capital is a beautiful form; but why should the hand of man be kept back from devising other beautiful forms? The Ragusan architect has ventured to cover some of his capitals with foliage which does not obey any pedantic rule; in others he has ventured like the artists of the noble capitals which lie unheeded in the Capitol and in Caracalla's Baths—to bring in the forms of animal and of human, as well as of vegetable, life. In one point his taste seems slightly to have failed him; on some of the capitals the winged figures with which they are wrought savour a little of the vulgar Renaissance. But who shall blame the alchemist capital, engraved and commented on by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the capital in which Ragusan patriotism has blindly seen Asklepios himself brought from his old home at Epidaurus? And the capitals bear arches worthy of them, round arches with mouldings and ornaments fitting their form. Altogether this arcade only makes us wish for more, for a longer range from the same hand. Compare it with the vulgar Italian work of the two neighbouring churches. Pisa and Durham might have stretched out the right hand of fellowship to Romanesque Ragusa before the earthquake; they would have held it back from Jesuit Ragusa after it.

The rest of the front cannot be called worthy of this admirable arcade. The windows behind the arcade are of the worse, those above it are of the better, kind of Italian Gothic; still they are Italian Gothic, and at Ragusa we should not welcome the loveliest form of tracery that Carlisle or Selby could give us. A Pisan arcade, pierced for light wherever light was wanted, would have been the right thing for the columns and arches below to bear aloft. He who duly admires the arcade will do well to shut his eyes as he turns round the corner by the west front of the cathedral; but let him go inside, and the court, if not altogether worthy of the arcade itself, is no contemptible specimen of the same style. It contains one or two monuments of Ragusan worthies as well as a fallen figure of Orlando; it is entered by a side door with two ancient knockers, one of them a worthy fellow of the great one at Durham; but its chief interest comes from its strictly architectural forms, and from the comparison of them with those made use of on the outside. The court is very small, and is surrounded on all sides, save that which is filled by the grand staircase, by an arcade of two, supporting an upper one. The composition is thus better than that of the front itself, as there are two harmonious stages in the same style, without any intrusion of foreign elements, like the pointed windows in the front; but the arcades themselves, though very good and simple, do not carry out the wonderful boldness and originality of the outer range. Columns with flowered capitals, with a remembrance, but not a servile remembrance, of Corinthian models, support round arches. Over these is the upper range of two round arches over each one below, resting on coupled shafts, the arrangement which, from the so-called tomb of St. Constantine, has spread to so many Romanesque cloisters and to so many works of the Saracen. Were this range open, instead of being foolishly glazed, this design of two stages of a true Romanesque, simpler, but perhaps more classical, than the arcade, would form a design thoroughly harmonious and satisfactory.

To our mind this place, to which Sir Gardner Wilkinson hardly does justice, and of which Mr. Neale takes no notice at all, really deserves no small place in the history of Romanesque art. It shows how late the genuine tradition lingered on, and what vigorous offshoots the old Italian style could throw off even when it might be thought to be dead. One or two capitals show that the Ragusan architect knew of the actual Renaissance. But it was only in that one detail that he went astray. In everything else he started from sound principles, and from them vigorously developed for himself.

But the Palace must not be spoken of as if it stood absolutely alone among the buildings of the city. There is another civic building, which we must also hail as a true fruit, in some sort a more remarkable fruit, of the same spirit which called its greater neighbour into being. This is the former *Dogana*, its purpose as such being made clear by the word being wrought in nails on the great door. This building stands just where the main street and the *piazza* join, close by the arch leading to the town-gate. Here we have an arcade of five, the columns of which are crowned with capitals, Composite in their general shape, but not slavishly following technical precedents, with a heavy abacus, which, as well as the soffit of the round arch, is enriched with flowered work. One or two of them are none the better for a modern rechiselling. Here is something which is quite unlike Northern Romanesque, but which still is absolutely identical with it in principle; the column and the round arch are there in their purity, and the enrichment is of a kind which we instinctively feel is in place at Ragusa, though it would be out of place at Caen or Mainz or Durham. Whatever the date may be, the thing is thoroughly good, incomparably better than either the Italian Gothic or the cosmopolite Jesuit style.

Above the arcade are windows with the usual Venetian attempt at tracery, a large square window between two with ogee arches; above is a common Renaissance stage, which we may hope is a later addition. The merits of the three stages lessen as they get higher. Yet from the date, when we come to find it out, it seems not impossible that the arcade and both the stages above it may really be of the same date. This beautiful piece of Romanesque work—we give it that name in defiance of dates—was finished in 1520, when the world on the southern side of the Alps was, for the most part, running after the dreariest forms of the mere Renaissance. All the more honour to the architect who designed such a work at such a time; but it is thus rendered more likely that he built his arcade according to the promptings of his own genius, and added the two ranges of windows in deference to the two rival fashions of his time. Still the arcade, taken alone, is the last link in a chain which shows that the preservation of good architectural ideas at so late a time is no mere accident. The Dogana leads us back to the Palace; the Palace leads us back to the essentially Romanesque forms in the Franciscan church. All these point to the existence of a Ragusan style, an unbroken Romanesque tradition, which could not wholly withstand the inroads of the pseudo-Gothic of Italy, but which could at least keep its place alongside of the intruder. Such buildings as these, now so few, make us sigh over the effects of the great earthquake, and over the treasures of art which it must have swallowed up. If Ragusa, in her earlier day, contained a series of churches to match her civic arcades, she might claim, in strictly artistic interest, to stand alongside of Rome, Ravenna, Pisa, and Lucca. Her churches of the fifteenth century must have been worthy to rank with anything from the fourth century to the twelfth. One longs to be able to study the Ragusan style in more than one, or at most two, examples. In any case the Dalmatian coast may hold its head high among the artistic regions of the world. It is no small matter that the harmonious and consistent use of the arch and column should have begun at Spalato, and that identically the same constructive form should still be found, eleven ages later, putting forth fresh and genuine shapes of beauty at Ragusa.

L'ÉTRANGÈRE.

A PLAY of M. Alexandre Dumas fils involves at all times difficult and delicate questions for the English critic; but in the present instance we may congratulate ourselves that, writing for the Comédie Française, M. Dumas has confined himself within a world which is not that of the *Dame aux Camélias*, nor, indeed, of the *Demi-monde*, though with ramifications in the latter which are, however, rather kept in the background. We are in Parisian society, such as it is outside its most exclusive salons, pending the advent of a reformer. The passions whose play forms the main incidents of the plot are passions the consequences of which are worked out in society, and among persons socially recognized; and so far the critic's difficulty is lessened. One thing, it seems to us, which should be borne in mind when M. Dumas's writing is in question is that, though his plays may not be fit subjects for exhibition before a public that tolerates the *Timbale d'Argent* on the London stage, this does not mean that they necessarily corrupt the audiences for which he writes. His countrymen do not run the risk of making new acquaintances; they only see themselves on the stage somewhat uglier than they imagined. There he is a satirist and professedly a flagellator of vice; here he would be appealing only to a morbid taste for nasty subjects.

The subject of the play now in question is difficult to condense, chiefly on account of its length, and partly owing to its somewhat loose and disproportionate construction. Mlle. Catherine Mauriceau, the only child of a rich and besotted tradesman, was brought up in her father's house (he being a widower) by the best substitute that could be found for a mother, an excellent widow, whose son Gérard was the friend of Catherine's childhood, and became her lover before either of them knew what love was. Gérard is a model of all the manly as Catherine is of all the womanly virtues and graces; and when they came of marriageable age, they were to be united. But M. Mauriceau had judged otherwise in the profundity of his political mind. Gérard was only an honest man, and a good engineer; he loved the daughter and was loved by her, but he was not the son-in-law for a retired tradesman of the Faubourg St. Denis with twenty millions of francs in quest of social investment. This was intimated to him with the usual professions of esteem, and he, being a proper young man, withdrew, and endeavoured to solace his grief by zealous application to his professional duties. The mother understood her position, and followed her son into retirement. M. Mauriceau then invested his millions in a duke. The duke he found had been very long—too long indeed for his honour—in the market, and any bill-broker might have informed M. Mauriceau of the value of his future son-in-law's signature, had that worthy tradesman and at bottom well-meaning father cared to know. "But that is just the son-in-law I wanted," says Mauriceau, and Maximin de Septmonts took care to gratify him in the wish. The situation reminds one a little too much of the *Gendre de M. Poirier*; but, instead of the sprightly and amiable Gaston de Presles, whom M. Delaunay has clothed with a new interest by his recent personation, we have the hard, broken-down, cynical, ruffianly Septmonts, whose courage consists in ten years' training in a fencing-room, whose honour lies in the general recog-

nition of that fact amongst the persons of his acquaintance, and who has just reached that stage in profligacy where he would be an adventurer if he were not a duke of legitimate descent. A duke, even in the present democratic state of French society, remains a duke. The coin, however clipped and sweated, is still currency, with an allowance for loss of weight. Mauriceau is rich enough to make the allowance and recoup Septmonts into a son-in-law for himself. The marriage takes place under the auspices of an enigmatic Mrs. Clarkson, of whom nothing is known with certainty, save that she is an American, has a legal husband in the Far West, two millions at her banker's, and has seen all the capitals of Europe. She is courted by the best male Parisian society. It was at her house that M. Mauriceau's millions and M. de Septmonts' debts made acquaintance, and by her agency they were finally linked in hymeneal bonds. The lady who supplied the link, and who is generally believed to be the Duke's mistress, received a pearl necklace worth 10,000 francs from the father, and the son-in-law, out of his bride's dowry, repaid her a loan of 150,000 francs which she had generously advanced to pay his losses at *baccarat*.

The scene opens after eighteen months of matrimony at the Duke's hotel, where a garden-party is being given for the benefit of the poor. Amongst the crowd of paying visitors Mauriceau has found the doctor under whose auspices Mlle. Catherine made her first appearance in the world. Dr. Remonin is an Academician known to the world of science by his researches on Infusoria, particularly of the genus "Vibron." He is also an old college chum of Mauriceau's, but this friendship has been somewhat forgotten by the latter, and their meeting on this occasion is due to chance and to the prosperous *parvenu's* want of a listener. From him Remonin learns what we have already sketched, and he gives him in turn some information about Gérard, who has considerably increased his titles to Mauriceau's esteem by enriching himself in his profession. He has hitherto kept aloof from the Mauriceaus, but on that very day he was seen by the Duchess walking in the gardens with the identical Mrs. Clarkson who had tied the knot of her fatal marriage. The lover of her maiden days has returned, the old love is quickened into action by the pang of jealousy, and the spectator can already foresee that the result will be an explanation, with its unavoidable consequence—a *rapprochement* between the lovers, a collision between two rival women, and a rupture in prospect between husband and wife. Hostilities at once begin with a *coup de théâtre*, which is very striking in its effect. The "Étrangère" who is interested in Gérard and acquainted with his previous history, loses sight of him as the Duchess with her party retires into the private apartments, and in her jealousy she imagines that he has joined them. Then she, the adventuress who has never crossed the threshold of any lady's house, the woman notorious for the men she has ruined and the suicides which she has caused—she, the reputed mistress of the Duchess's husband, demands, and in spite of the Duchess obtains, an entrance into the private drawing-room. Her introducer, none of the gentlemen consenting when challenged to serve as such, is the husband, Maximin de Septmonts. The whole scene is intense in dramatic power, and brings the exposition in the first act to a crisis.

The question naturally arises, How to separate creditably a husband and a wife between whom there is no union or possibility of keeping up appearances after the scandal of a public outrage, and how to bring together two lovers who respect each other in a manner worthy of their love? It is clear that the husband is very much in the way, and, further, that he intends to be so as long as possible, and to make the most disagreeable use of his power; he now insists that the Duchess shall return. Mrs. Clarkson's visit, as that adventuress requires. The law of divorce does not exist in France; the naturalization of the parties in a land where divorce is permitted is a *dénouement* recently supplied by a case of real life, but more likely to occur to the ingenuity of the victim than to the dramatist who is free to choose his own means. M. Dumas does not as yet take us into his confidence, but he propounds, through the medium of Gérard's friend the Doctor, a comforting theory founded on the analogies of the animalcular world of "Vibrions." The Doctor explains to the Marchioness de Rumières, a cousin of the Duke's, who shares the general sympathy for the wife and detestation for the husband, that the latter must be got rid of physiologically. The dialogue between the Academician (M. Got) and the Marquise (Mme. Madeleine Brohan) is so peculiarly characteristic of both personages and of the play itself that we cannot refrain from quoting it at some length:—

MME. DE RUMIÈRES. Eh bien! et le mari—le duc—mon cousin. Mon cousin! Qu'est-ce que vous en faites dans tout ça?

REMONIN. Je ne m'en occupe pas. Il disparaîtra au moment nécessaire. Les dieux interviendront.

MME. DE RUMIÈRES. Comme dans les tragédies antiques.

REMONIN. C'est vous qui l'avez dit. Et les anciens avaient raison. Ils savaient aussi bien que nous, mieux peut-être, que le monde moral est régi par les mêmes lois que le monde physique, qu'il y a même harmonie dans l'un que dans l'autre, et l'intervention des dieux n'était que la conséquence logique, la fatalité inévitable, résultant des actes humains.

MME. DE RUMIÈRES. Mais comment disparaîtra-t-il, mon cousin, car il est vivant et bien vivant?

REMONIN. Il en a l'air, parce qu'il mange, parce qu'il boit, parce qu'il s'agit, parce qu'il a la forme humaine; mais ce n'est qu'une apparence. Ce n'est pas un homme.

MME. DE RUMIÈRES. Qu'est-ce que c'est donc?

REMONIN. C'est un vibron.

MME. DE RUMIÈRES. Vous dites?

REMONIN. Je dis: un vibron.

MME. DE RUMIÈRES. Qu'est ce que c'est que ça?

REMONIN.—Comment! Et vous dites que vous lisez mes articles et vous

ne connaissez pas les vibrions! Je vous en ferai voir. C'est charmant. Ce sont des végétaux nés de la corruption partielle des corps qu'on a pris long-temps pour des animaux à cause d'un petit mouvement ondulatoire qui leur est propre, qu'on ne peut distinguer qu'au microscope, et qui sont chargés de corrompre, dissoudre et détruire les parties restées saines du corps en question.

Ce sont les ouvriers de la mort. Eh bien, les sociétés sont des corps comme les autres, qui se décomposent en de certaines parties, à de certains moments, et qui produisent des vibrions à forme humaine, qu'on prend pour des hommes véritables, mais qui n'en sont pas et qui font inconsciemment tout ce qu'ils peuvent pour corrompre, dissoudre et détruire le reste du corps social.

Heureusement la nature ne veut pas la mort, mais la vie. La mort n'est qu'un de ses moyens, la vie est son but. Elle fait donc résistance à ces agents de la destruction et elle retourne contre eux les principes morbides qu'ils contiennent. C'est alors qu'on voit le vibron humain, un jour qu'il a trop bu, prendre sa fenêtre pour sa porte et se casser ce qui lui servait de tête sur le pavé de la rue; ou si le jeu le ruine ou que sa vibronne le trompe, se tirer un coup de pistolet dans ce qu'il croit être son cœur; ou venir se heurter contre un vibron plus gros et plus fort que lui, qui l'arrête et le supprime. On entend alors un tout petit bruit. Quelque chose qui fait hu-u-u-u. (*Il souffle un peu d'air entre ses lèvres.*) C'est ce qu'on avait pris pour l'âme du vibron qui s'envole dans l'air, pas très haut. M. le due se meurt! M. le due est mort. Allons, adieu.

With this comforting final assurance the author leaves us. Meanwhile the lovers' situation is, to say the least, embarrassing, and one is surprised to see such a judge of human nature as the Doctor expose two such young people to its dangers by facilitating an interview. On seeing her lover Catherine (Mlle. Croisette) throws herself into his arms. Fortunately Gérard is worthy of all the praise which has been lavished on him; he will be to her that *rara avis* of lovers, a brother and a comforter, and he begins by advising her to return Mrs. Clarkson's visit as the Duke requires. This she agrees to do after he has quieted her jealousy by explaining how he became acquainted with Mrs. Clarkson, whom he promises never to see again. The *tête-à-tête* is interrupted by the entry of the Duke; and the appearance of the young man, who is introduced by the Duchess as "the friend of her youth," coupled with her sudden acquiescence in her husband's will, generates the first suspicion in the latter's mind. It is confirmed by the suggestions of the "Étrangère" when the Duchess refuses to give up Gérard, and lastly by a letter from Catherine to the lover, which the husband intercepts.

Following the time-honoured precept *Festinat ad eventum*—somewhat forgotten in the third act, where M. Dumas takes advantage of Catherine's presence in the "Étrangère's" house to expound to us, in a tirade of unprecedented length, all the past history of that enigmatic heroine, who is evidently as perplexing to the author as she is to the critic—we shall hold to the main point and not allow ourselves to be dragged into episodical digressions. Of all Mrs. Clarkson's sins her greatest one is certainly against dramatic unity. That she was born of a planter and a coloured woman, was sold into bondage separately from her mother, from whom she inherited a mission of vengeance against the man who sold them and against the male sex in general, which mission she has done her best to fulfil by means of robbery and indirect assassination—all this long tirade which the author has inflicted on Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, as if to strain that great tragedian's powers to the utmost pitch of endurance, is more strictly descriptive than dramatic. She is indeed the shade of the picture, but a clog on the action. The question before us is how the husband is to be disposed of and the lovers creditably united, and dramatically Mrs. Clarkson is only necessary so far as she contributes to this result. But for her designs on Gérard we should never have seen her in the Duchess's drawing-room nor the Duchess in hers, and the "Étrangère" would have disappeared from the play that bears her name. She has tied the nuptial knot which has to be untied, she has accelerated the rupture between husband and wife; but she does nothing more. She declares war against the Duchess, but she makes no attempt to injure her with Gérard or to recover the young man for herself. She looms as a stage-enemy behind the scenes; but she has a husband—a sort of rough shaggy "Far-Wester," somewhat too ready with his six-shooter—who has crossed the ocean to confer with Gérard upon a new method for the extraction of gold, and who may be useful.

We return to the main action, which culminates in the fourth act. The Duke has intercepted a letter from his wife to Gérard, and when he comes to seek an explanation he finds her in conference with the lover, whom he dismisses, taunting him with the lowliness of his mother's position. Then begins between the husband and the wife the most dramatic scene of the whole play, into which M. Dumas has thrown all his strength, and Mlle. Croisette all her vehemence. Convinced of the platonic nature of Catherine's affection for Gérard by the terms of the letter itself, and secretly chuckling over her innocence, he approaches his wife as a rake who has found new interest in her. The love, which he never cared to win, has now the fascination of adultery; he asks for it in exchange for the criminative letter, which he offers to return. "Keep it, sir," she exclaims, in a fury of indignation, and she repels with horror and disgust the miserable wretch whose treatment of her as a bride has filled her heart with shame and anguish. At this moment the father enters, and characteristically, to avoid a public exposure, asks his son-in-law to name his price for the letter. One feels that only intense fury prevents the Duke from closing with the offer; he is bent on a separation that will dishonour his wife and on a duel in which he will kill the lover. Gérard offers a convenient opportunity by returning to ask satisfaction for the insulting remarks about his mother. The Duke prolongs the discussion with irritating blandness, so as to place himself in the position of the

offended party, and secure the choice of weapons. He is a master of fence, and the rapier is the weapon he chooses. Nothing more is wanted but an unscrupulous second. Clarkson, with his expeditious Transatlantic methods, is, he thinks, the man, and he summons him to his assistance; while Mauricieux, to vindicate his daughter's honour, offers himself as the second of his son-in-law's adversary. The situation seems indeed desperate. The Vibron Duke, whose death was promised at the outset by the Doctor, will live to kill the lover, dishonour the wife, and remain in sole possession of the stage. Even in the improbable contingency of his being killed, his widow can never become Gérard's wife, and he is determined to secure the ruin of the Duchess in the event of his death by placing the criminative letter in Clarkson's hands for production at the trial. But salvation comes from an unexpected quarter. Clarkson's heart is honest, though his hand is quick; the Duke did not see the difference when he chose him for an accommodating second. The Yankee will shoot a man without the ceremonial of the Paris Jockey Club; but he must have some reason for doing so, and the reasons the Duke gives are unintelligible to his mind. The Duke takes him for a fool, and explains; Clarkson sees he is a scoundrel, and tells him so. "No man ever said that to me," shrieks the Duke. "That's just what I wonder at," replies Clarkson. In a moment the parts are changed; the second—by no means unusual occurrence—becomes a principal in the quarrel, but the Duke decides to take Gérard first. "Do you think," says Clarkson, "I am going to let you kill a man who is worth to me 25 per cent. in the working of my gold mines?" and he insists that they shall settle their business at once in the garden behind the house. They quit the stage, and in five minutes the Duchess is a widow, to the joy of all her friends. The Commissary of Police arrests Clarkson for the murder. "Queer people these," says the Yankee; but his wife comes to his help, and reveals herself at last in her real character as a secret agent of police. Her part is finished; her occupation gone; she will return to her husband and live with him under a more congenial sky. The Commissary calls on the Doctor to certify the death. "With pleasure," replies Remonin, who had foreseen it from the first.

The action, once clenched in the fourth act, is hurried on from scene to scene till the end with a rapidity and progressive intensity of interest which would prove Alexandre Dumas the greatest French dramatist of the age if he knew how to carry a plot through its intermediate stages as well as how to solve it. But in the first three acts he seems like a man entangled in the luxuriance of his incidents; then, with a few lightning-strokes, he cuts a path through his own jungle. The effect at the time is all the more startling, but on reflection one ceases to perceive the necessity for a jungle. This is not a method of composition to which the first stage in France has accustomed us, and we doubt—whatever its immediate success—whether the *Étrangère* will take a definitive place in a repertory of works constructed according to the permanent laws of dramatic art. The dialogue is sparkling with wit; it is nervous, concise, and always keeps the spectator's mind engaged even when the action lags behind. The character of Septmonts is thoroughly sustained by the author and the actor; it is the most original creation of the play, and every trait of this aristocratic ruffian is brought out, without excessive repulsiveness, by M. Coquelin's admirable discrimination. The Duchess is well drawn and well opposed to the Duke. Mlle. Croisette shows great progress in the part; she still wants ease in silence, continuity in action, and more flexibility of voice and manner, but her passion and vehemence in the fourth act were sustained with extraordinary power. The father is an amusing picture of a vain, foolish, self-conceited, and pleasure-seeking *bourgeois*, utterly blind in his paternal wisdom to the consequences of his acts, yet capable of exciting pity in misfortune. M. Thiron almost drew tears in the part. The lover is the greatest difficulty of the play, and that is why he is left so long behind the scenes. The part was for some time rehearsed by M. Delaunay, but his recent illness entitled him to be excused from appearing in it. M. Mount Sully does what it allows, but in a manner that shows that he would have done better to remain in his tragic robes, where his brilliant qualities are seen at their best. The "Étrangère" herself really contributes very little to the action; she delays it in the third act, and vanishes from it afterwards. Her character is a compound of negatives; born of the degradation of race and sex, she is a creature irreducible to any category of impropriety; ideally, a Nemesis of love; in reality, a Parisian antithesis half-dramatized out of a couple of sensational novels. Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt succeeds, however, in working this abortive creation into a dramatic picture that rivets the attention of the spectator from the moment she enters the stage till she quits it; but we hope that this mistress of her art will not be called upon to repeat the dangerous experiment of doing for an author what he should have done for himself. Her graces of diction, manner, attitude, and motion, her subtle force, her power of impassiveness and repose, are unsurpassed. She is the Cleopatra of the Comédie Française—

Whom everything becomes—to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself in her fair and admired.

M. Febvre gave us the best American that we have yet seen on the French stage. M. Got and Mme. Madeleine Brohan illustrated by their acting the paradox that none but the best actors can be safely entrusted with secondary parts; every scene in which they appeared gained unity, proportion, and symmetry from their cool

judgment and exquisite dramatic tact. To say that the minor actors did their work well sounds almost like an impertinence, for we are speaking of the only stage in Europe on which the dramatic art is understood as a whole.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY MOB.

TRAVEL, according to Bacon, is a part of experience; and it could be wished that the experience gained from it nowadays were turned to better use. For years past a store of experience concerning the dangers of railway travelling has been accumulated, and as yet it cannot be said that safety has been gained by knowledge of peril. At a lecture given a short while ago at the Royal Institution it was shown that the danger of railway travelling was in proportion less, if anything, than that of staying at home; but this does not appear a sufficient reason for neglecting any possible precaution for the lives and limbs of those who do not stay at home. A man sitting by his own fireside may be attacked by fever, but that reflection will not induce him to mount a dangerous horse without bit and bridle. The unhappy events which have occurred lately on railways have directed unusual attention to their management or mismanagement; but it is to be observed that such events are in a greater or lesser degree constantly occurring. For one accident serious enough to be widely known there are probably many which by a lucky chance stop short of fatal or dangerous injury, and hardly reach beyond the knowledge of those immediately concerned; and for one of these, again, there must be many hairbreadth escapes of accident. It has been said that in the old coaching days there were as many mischances as there are now; and it is possible that there were in proportion as many overturns of coaches as there are collisions of trains; but in those times only a limited number of lives and limbs could be imperilled at once. The power of dealing danger and destruction wholesale belongs to modern travel as to modern warfare.

Although it is our present purpose to speak of the lesser rather than the greater terrors of railway travelling, we have said thus much of these because both have their origin in the same cause. The English public is proverbially patient and good-humoured, and on these qualities those who provide for its convenience and amusement are accustomed to rely. They know that gross inconvenience will be endured with the help of grumbling until the day when inconvenience is developed into something worse, and they trust that day may never come. But by the indolent habit which prevents them from detecting warning amid grumbling they do their best to hasten its coming. As to the public patience and good humour, which cannot but encourage this habit, and which is generally spoken of as a merit, it is possible that selfishness has a good deal to do with it. Few men are likely to attach as much importance to their neighbours' troubles as to their own, and all men are apt to underrate the extent of misfortunes which do not reach themselves. If you have been at some hotel where you have struggled with every kind of neglect and inattention, and, meeting another who has been there just before or just after you and found things in a better condition, you detail your grievances to him, the strongest feeling you arouse in him will probably be one of self-congratulation. He will tell you, with pride in himself and contempt for you, that "he can only say he was not so particularly uncomfortable." There are men who carry this principle so far that they will convey a reproach to you for having missed the view from a mountain top by reason of a fog. "Ah! you should have gone up when we did," they will say, leaving you to conclude that to their convenience all the changes of nature are subservient. When a misfortune of travel attacks one of these people—when, for instance, his portmanteau is opened and its contents taken away during a journey—his indignation will be as great as his indifference was before; but he will find that it does not much affect other people. Thus, as long as individuals only are injured by mismanagement of matters which affect the public, one need not look very confidently for improvements. It is also to be observed that individual miseries are frequently put up with because the time and trouble spent in attempting to obtain redress would be a worse loss than the original one.

If these things were not so, probably some common protest would have been made long since against one piece of railway mismanagement which we have frequently noticed. Whenever an unusually large concourse of people is collected at a railway-station by some attraction that is to be reached by means of a train, there ensues what is called "a scene of indescribable confusion." An ever-gathering crowd presses round the trapdoor of the ticket-clerk, who may perhaps be excused if his temper falls short of the demands made upon it. The freedom which is dear to every Briton becomes a tyranny of elbows and heavy boots. The barbaric rush which assails the ticket-office spreads out on to the platform, where the carriage doors are besieged as if they were "claims" in gold-field and the passengers were diggers. It has not unfrequently happened that a carriage has had to be defended by main force against an attack of roughs. This condition of things a paternal government in France has avoided by means which would probably be unacceptable here. Most of us, when pent up in a cage with glass doors at a foreign station waiting wearily for the unloosening of bars, have longed for the liberty of an English railway. And some of us, when struggling in the tumult of an English station, have remembered with regret the restraint we despised

abroad. It is not beyond human powers, nor even beyond those of a Railway Company, to find something between the two extremes. The "queue," for instance, which plays a part in so many affairs of French life might with advantage be adopted, or rather enforced, at the ticket-office. Adopted in a sense it is; but the mystic words "In" and "Out," and the fact that the space between the clerk's trapdoor and the barrier opposite will only hold a certain number of persons, do not seem to appeal with any great force to the travelling public. Again, it might be not impracticable to issue for every train a number of tickets no greater than the number of passengers that the train will carry.

As nothing upon earth can be perfect, it would be unreasonable to look for perfection beneath the earth. It is not unreasonable, however, to expect some better attempt towards perfection than is found in the arrangements of the Underground Railway. Upon this railway there have been comparatively few accidents, and many of these have arisen from the folly of passengers, who, in getting out of a train, have not taken into account the ordinary laws of opposing forces. But of inconvenience, which may easily result in serious danger, there is here plenty to be found. From five o'clock onwards every evening the Underground Railway is greatly in request by men of business and labour in every class of life returning from their work. The result of this is that very much such an indiscriminate rush as takes place on rare occasions above ground is here repeated every day. Any one who has observed a train passing at this time of day must have noted that in many of the carriages every available space, both for sitting and standing, is occupied. And it is only natural that those who are anxious to secure these places should run at them with an utter disregard of what may happen to any one in their way. On week days this state of things is bad enough; but there is at least a chance of finding a carriage with a corner unoccupied. On Sunday nights it becomes intolerable. As a rule, every carriage in every train after it has passed a certain number of stations is as full as it will hold of people sitting in the seats, on the arms of the seats, and standing up, holding on to whatever they can find, like voyagers in a storm clutching at the rigging. One cannot but admire the irony which retains the placard "This carriage is constructed to hold so-many persons" when each carriage contains at least twice as many. The state of those passengers who hope to catch the last train is perhaps the most pitiable; for the chances are enormous against their finding a place, and the practice which obtains at theatres of returning money at the doors if there is no room has not, we believe, reached to the Underground Railway. Certain things may be easily said by the managers of the railway in defence of this gross abuse. It may be contended that they have a right to make as much profit out of their line as they can, and that no one is obliged to travel by it. But it may be questioned whether any one has a right to trade on the long-suffering of his fellow-creatures, and if no one is obliged to travel by this line, many people are induced to do so by the hope held out to them of finding reasonable accommodation on it. The placards of which we have spoken encourage this delusion; and we would suggest that after the word "passengers" should be added the words "and as many more as can be crammed into it." Again, it may be said that for the great convenience of reaching distant places given by this railway one can afford to put up with a little inconvenience. But the inconvenience of overcrowding is far from little, and there is assuredly no convenience in paying and waiting for a place in a conveyance which, when it reaches one, is choke-full. Perhaps when some serious mischance has come of the confusion and suffocation which may be seen any day at the times we have noted on this railway, its managers may attempt to remedy these abuses by increasing their staff and number of carriages, or by regulating the amount of traffic on it, or by some means which their superior wisdom will no doubt find ready. To interfere with a passenger's right to fight and struggle for a place would of course be infringing the liberty of the subject. But the liberty of the subject ought not to include the liberty to expose his fellow-subjects to unmerited dangers and sufferings.

MODERN GARDENS.

A TOLERABLY successful rebellion has been organized by a people of educated taste against English upholstery and French fashions. A few courageous persons have actually presumed to furnish and decorate their houses according to their own wayward fancies, instead of on the principles approved by Messrs. Scroll and Gilder. Friends and acquaintances pay them visits in order to criticize and wonder, but, strange to say, are generally so struck with the charm that individuality gives to any room, and so much emboldened by the results of audacity, that they determine on the first opportunity to go and do likewise. Consequently a large demand has lately arisen for artistic wall papers, harmoniously coloured carpets, and picturesque fireplaces. In self-defence the large shops are obliged to try to meet the requirements even of those benighted beings who cannot fall down and worship the last new thing with the reverence usually accorded to it by the British public. It is easy to sneer at the present mania for *bric-à-brac*, but it is better than gambling and horse-racing. It is a question whether a costermonger who enjoyed having a painted flower on his tea-cup would be likely to kick his wife to death. However, owing to this revolt against ostentatious ugliness, good patterns and delicate com-

binations of colour may now be seen where formerly the goods exhibited for sale ought to have made an intending purchaser shudder and turn away empty-handed. Architects, too, have been obliged to realize the importance of domestic architecture, and many of the craft are able to build houses which, instead of being an eyesore to passers-by, are pleasant to look upon, and do not quite spoil the effect of a picturesque landscape. The apostles of art in the household, having now managed to persuade fashion to follow in their train for at least a time, will have leisure to turn their attention elsewhere. It would be well if they could be induced to step outside the well-cared-for dwelling-house and engage in a crusade against the modern gardener, a tyrannical and prosaic creature who holds the same position amongst the flower-pots that the upholsterer does amongst chairs and tables. Our gardens have degenerated for precisely the same reason that our mason-work is commonplace and our woodwork either distorted by objectless turning or painted in imitation of what it is not. Ignorance and want of taste in those who have money to spend must always have a fatal effect upon everything produced. Rich people buy stucco palaces because they have not learnt anything about architecture, and could not appreciate the difference between stone and plaster if they tried. They give orders for costly furniture; but as they have only a feeble idea of what they want, and scarcely the foggiest notion of what they admire, they leave these knotty points to be solved by some firm in whom a titled acquaintance has recommended them to have complete confidence. They value their house and its contents in exact proportion to what they have been made to pay for them. It is precisely the same with their garden. They know nothing about flowers, and can only judge of the merits of their pleasure-ground by the length of the bills and the number of men they keep employed. It never occurs to them that, just as a drawing-room, however expensively furnished, loses its fascination and air of comfort if left entirely to the care of the housemaid, so no garden can be at all satisfactory without the nameless charm that only can be given by the superintendence of a person of taste and cultivation. Little touches of refinement and subtlety are always required which even the best servants, except perhaps "lady-helps," can scarcely be expected to supply.

It is to be regretted that a larger proportion of those who live at their country places at least nine months of the year, and have nothing particular to do during those nine months, should not take up the pleasant pursuit of artistic gardening, and give to their own family and their friends the pleasure of seeing nature at its best. Of course we are not now speaking of show places, where a competent director like Sir Joseph Paxton takes complete charge, nor yet of those establishments where there is so large an area under glass that the great object of the unhappy proprietor is to get an experienced man who will be able to sell a sufficient quantity of forced fruit to lessen expenses. There are many imposing gardens of this description where the family find it almost impossible to have the commonest things in profusion, or even a sufficient crop of currants to make the jelly required. Scarcity and ostentation go hand in hand. It would seem, however, that in a small establishment there ought to be some one who looked after the garden. At first sight one might suppose that a young lady would feel as much interest in the roses that grow in the borders as in the artificial ones she places in her bonnet. But here certainly a difficulty does arise, owing to the intolerable position which the ignorance of employers has enabled our gardeners to assume—a position analogous to that taken by our cooks. The ordinary modern gardener, whose only knowledge of plants has been acquired by working in a nursery-ground, must appear to a real lover of flowers the most insufferable mixture of conceit and ignorance. He makes no attempt to learn how to keep the pleasure-grounds in beauty all the year round, and the kitchen-garden well stocked with necessary crops. On the contrary, his only ambition is to see his name appear on prize tickets at neighbouring flower-shows, and to sell in Covent Garden the fruit he cultivates at his master's expense. To gratify these noble aspirations he does not scruple to appropriate the hours which legally belong to his employers, nor will he hesitate to sacrifice all the flowers of a plant which should be covered with blossoms in order to perfect a single bloom for exhibition. He runs up long bills with his former master or at a neighbouring nursery-ground, and orders seeds from a London house which he has not always a definite intention of sowing, as well as bulbs which perhaps never appear except in the accounts. He tries to enforce the law that none of the family are to cut the flowers or touch the fruit; but if the lady's-maid happens to be pretty, she will find no difficulty in appropriating the earliest peach and the most cherished tea-rose. He cannot, however, bear to see anything given away by his master, and would rather let the plums spoil on the trees than pack them in a hamper to be sent as a present. It is impossible to induce him to sow a sufficient succession of crops of peas, spinach, and lettuce, so that, if some sowings fail, there will still be an abundant supply throughout the season. He prefers to spend all his energies on producing a few sticks of celery earlier than any one else, and a monster gourd which no one can use. It is rare to see a garden that is under the complete control of an ordinary gardener in which the supply of small fruit admits of the proprietor giving away generously to his poorer neighbours; yet no modern gardener would refuse to force pots of strawberries, so that he might send in a dozen tasteless specimens for a dinner-party. Amongst the flower-beds he is simply unendurable, as his theory of gardening consists in arranging everything in rows or patches, and on no account allowing any plant under his charge to dis-

play the cloven foot of natural habit. To him even a creeper growing at its own sweet will is an eyesore, and he has no opinion of such a rose as the cloth of gold, which refuses to thrive when pruned. A pyramidal azalea, the shape of a haystack, and so covered with bloom that not a single green leaf is visible to break the monotonous uniformity of its shape, is to him the perfection of art and beauty. In fact, no plant is worth much unless it requires to be kept in a hothouse all the year round. A flower that can grow without assistance is as little entitled to admiration or respect as a lady who does not require a maid to arrange her hair. He hates a primrose by the river's brim simply because it thrives without being transplanted every year, and, no matter how severe the season, bursts forth in bloom to be freely plucked by passers-by. The finest carpet of wild hyacinths or starry wind-flowers is to him mere trash; the tallest and most pearly-white foxglove only an awkward, lanky weed, to be pulled up and thrown on the rubbish-heap. He disclaims all acquaintance with our common perennial plants, on account of a vulgar way they have of growing anywhere, and a facility for reproduction quite contemptible. He digs up the monthly roses because they are not sufficiently double to please his artificial taste; he burns the wild honeysuckle, which crept through the hedge so prettily and dared to make acquaintance with aristocratic bedding-out plants. He invariably chooses the hottest part of the day for transplanting and watering, and gathers the fruit when it is raining. He takes possession of every green thing, and resents as an insult the slightest interference. When a suggestion is offered he perhaps replies that, if he is not supposed to know his own business, he had better go elsewhere. Unfortunately he is only too well aware how helpless his employer would feel if left with only a common labourer to whom he had to give directions; yet the amount of knowledge necessary to enable a lady or gentleman to train an intelligent working-man is easily acquired. It is possible to have a charming garden without a greenhouse, and plenty of wall-fruit with only the help of an experienced person to do the pruning. It is the attempt to have vegetables and fruit out of their season, and to cultivate plants which cannot be acclimatized, that makes our gardens troublesome, expensive, and unproductive.

It is curious to trace the results of this artificial method in a recent publication, *Floral Decorations for Dwelling-Houses* (Macmillan). Although Miss Hassard makes some valuable suggestions, the book has a false ring from the impossible bunch of flowers on the cover to the last page, in which the author recommends that in using ivy "the leaves should be brushed over with gum in a liquid state and then dusted with glass-dust from the glass-works, which can be obtained at a very small cost." The word "fashion" occurs in the very first page, a word which ought to have no connexion with any but artificial flowers. A plant may be scarce and costly, and therefore not common; but it is ridiculous to treasure a variegated geranium until it is to be seen in cottage gardens, and then throw it away and replace it by one not half so good but which costs twice as much. It is this vulgar habit of talking of things being fashionable, when "beautiful" is the word we ought to mean, that makes our houses, our parties, our pictures, our dress, so little worthy of an intelligent and cultivated nation. Miss Hassard's directions for making a bouquet consist in first telling her pupils to wire the flowers and then to determine the fashionable size "by taking a peep into some first-class florist's window." She is good enough to allow that "even common plants may be made to look effective in apartments" by taste and judgment; but all her directions savour of the modern gardener, and the ambition so to arrange real flowers that they may have all the appearance of being manufactured. Miss Hassard's crowning achievement is to cut a hole in the dining-table so as to enable her to conceal the central pot of her decorations, and make the plant seem to be growing out of the mahogany. This piece of taste will no doubt find immense favour with the public and be loudly applauded by the modern gardener. How different are the directions given by Japanese florists, whose great object seems to be delicate devices to enable every spray to look at ease and in its right place! They will even leave withered branch to give natural effect, or allow a few fallen leaves to remain round the pot. True floral decoration ought to be independent of all this wire and canvas, lace paper and glass dust, nor is it aided by small paltry make-believes, such as pretending that palms can grow out of table-cloths. It requires, to be successful, that the decorator should have a reverence for the natural forms of flowers and foliage, and a keen appreciation of harmony in colour. The true secret of gardening is to make the most artistic use of those plants which belong naturally to the climate and soil.

FIRE IN THEATRES.

CAPTAIN SHAW, the head of the London Fire Brigade, has rendered an important public service in again calling attention to the perils to which theatrical audiences are exposed from fire or panic. As far back as 1866 Captain Shaw gave evidence on this subject before the Committee of the House of Commons on theatrical licences and regulations, and urged the adoption of various precautions. The Lord Chamberlain's office has also from time to time given fitful attention to the question; but it would seem that the arrangements of many of the theatres are still seriously defective. It is well known that theatres are, from their peculiar construction and fittings, a class of buildings extremely liable to take fire, and

that in fact they are frequently burned down. Last year Edinburgh lost both its theatres by fire, and a theatre was also burned at Leeds. In 1869 the Prince of Wales's Theatre at Glasgow was destroyed by fire, and in the following year the Alexandra Theatre there shared the same fate. In 1867 Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket was burned down for the second time. Almost all the London theatres, in fact, have been burned once or twice, and Astley's five times; and similar disasters are continually happening throughout the country. It is significant, as Captain Shaw mentions, that of all the regular or provisional buildings in which the Paris opera has found a home there is not one which has escaped a conflagration, and it remains to be seen whether the present house will be more fortunate. All these fires, except perhaps that of the Commune, broke out at intervals, between the performances from want of sufficient care, and spread in consequence of the bad style of construction. As a rule, there has been of late years in our own country a singular immunity from loss of life in connexion with the burning of theatres; but Captain Shaw justly remarks that this ought not to blind sensible people to "the extreme probability, if not absolute certainty, that under different circumstances many persons might have perished." Even when a theatre is empty, its being on fire is a danger to the neighbourhood, and the consequences are sometimes of a most calamitous kind. It should be borne in mind also that a panic arising from a false alarm may be quite as terrible as an actual conflagration, and that panics are apt to be produced by the knowledge that precautions necessary for the safety of audiences are frequently neglected. Captain Shaw anticipates the criticism that, in pointing out the dangers which threaten playgoers, he is himself helping to create a tendency to panic; but his justification is obvious and sufficient. If a great catastrophe were to occur, and any one in Captain Shaw's position were to point out how it had happened and how it might have been prevented, there would be a general cry that it is easy to be wise after the event, and that the warning ought to have been given at an earlier date.

Captain Shaw, in the pamphlet (Spon) which he has just published, indicates the principal points of safety and danger in such places as theatres. The external street approaches should invariably be kept free and unobstructed. Each outlet should be easy of access, well lighted, and free from obstructions. As the safety of a building is necessarily in some degree affected by its position with regard to other buildings, a theatre ought under no circumstances to be completely surrounded by other buildings. "The practice of entering and leaving such a place," says Captain Shaw, "by a passage or set of passages through other buildings, and not direct from the street, is one so obviously dangerous in the extreme that it must be a subject of wonder how it can ever have been permitted in any country making even the pretence of taking care of its inhabitants." Speaking generally, he lays down the rule, which indeed is obvious enough, that a theatre is safest when it stands completely isolated, that every house near it is an element of danger, and that the risk is greatest when it is entirely surrounded by other buildings. Again, the manager's rooms and offices, the dressing-rooms of the actors, the store-rooms, the passages and galleries in the audience part of the house, the refreshment-rooms, staircases, and entrance-halls ought to be constructed of solid, heat-proof materials, and to form an essential part of the building, instead of being, as sometimes happens, "a mere collection of apparently temporary fittings, just able to carry themselves and the persons using them, and of no service to the general structure, but, on the contrary, a source of danger to it on account of their great inflammability." It is further advisable to divide the building into as many distinct and separate risks as possible; and Captain Shaw suggests for this purpose a fire-wall between the stage and the auditorium, with wrought-iron doors at the sides, and of course the usual opening for the stage, which could be closed on an emergency by a metal curtain. Another important principle in regard to safety, on which Captain Shaw lays great stress, is that each class of seats should have a separate entrance, so that, in case of an alarm, there would be no obstruction at the immediate point of exit from the seats. He also suggests that every part of a theatre should be licensed and legibly marked for the number of persons for whom there is room, in the same way as steamships, omnibuses, railway carriages, &c.; and that "it should be a misdemeanour here, as it is on the other side of the Atlantic, to occupy the aisles or passage-ways between the seats with camp-stools or chairs, to allow persons to stand in the passage-way during the performance, or in any way to interfere with the free ingress or egress of the audience in the common aisles." It is stated that, in at least one country on the Continent, the rule is that two exits are required to be provided for three hundred persons, and three exits for five hundred; and we agree with Captain Shaw that this principle of making, not only the size, but the number, of exits bear some fixed proportion to the audience, might with great advantage be adopted here. As for the stage, it ought to be effectually cut off by fire-proof passages from the dressing-rooms and other offices, and should on no account be in direct communication with the workshops or the store-rooms, nor should the latter communicate directly with each other. It is also laid down that, for the safety of the audience, a theatre ought to be provided with at least two principal staircases, which should be as far as possible apart; so that, in the event of one becoming injured by fire or enveloped by smoke, the other might be available. Moreover, every part of a theatre should be under the absolute control of a responsible official

armed with the necessary authority, and there should be a supply of water in constant readiness under a pressure capable of forcing it to every part of the building. We need not follow Captain Shaw through all the details of the regulations which he would wish to see in force; but there is one point to which he attaches much importance, and which certainly deserves consideration. That is the necessity for a staff, not of amateurs, but of real firemen, who have had proper training and experience in their work. In France a number of *sapeurs-pompiers* are stationed at every theatre by order of the Government, but Captain Shaw admits the difficulty of introducing this paternal system in England. At the same time it is for the interest of the managers themselves that they should have a really capable and trustworthy set of firemen, who would be ready for their special duty, but who might also make themselves useful in other ways.

Taking the conditions of safety as laid down by Captain Shaw, who must be regarded as a competent authority, it will, we imagine, be found that there are few, if any, theatres which at present fulfil them. Without attempting to penetrate into the inner recesses of a theatre, any visitor can judge for himself how far on the outer side of the curtain adequate arrangements are made for any commotion among the audience; and if he takes the trouble to consider the matter, he can hardly fail to come to the conclusion that this branch of a manager's duty is very much neglected. The older and larger theatres in London are, as a rule, the best in this respect. Drury Lane and Covent Garden are completely isolated from other buildings, and have entrances on more than one side, each division of the house having its separate means of access. The Adelphi and the Gaiety are also well constructed in this respect; but there are some other theatres in this neighbourhood of which as much certainly cannot be said. Take the Vaudeville, for example. It is wedged in between other buildings, and has only a single narrow entrance in the Strand for all parts of the house, with the exception of the gallery. The staircases and corridors are also very contracted, and there are illuminated drinking-bars in every spare corner. Again, only a narrow gangway is allowed in the balcony and balcony stalls for people to get to their places, and these are usually blocked up altogether in the course of the evening. It is obvious that, in such a case, if there were any panic, there would instantly be deadlock among the audience; for it is physically impossible that they could escape in time through the narrow apertures provided for their exit. At the first rush there would be a hopeless block, and the rest of the people would be left to be roasted or squeezed to death as the case might be. The chief entrance to the Opera Comique is in the very objectionable form of an underground tunnel from the Strand, but there is also a door on the other side. The Alhambra is a very bad example of a theatre, with only one outside door for the majority of a large, mixed audience. Even on ordinary occasions there seems to be a dense crush when the people leave, and if there were any disturbance the consequences would be horrible. At nearly all the theatres, however, the arrangement of the stalls is very bad, so little room being left between the rows that it is only by desperately struggling and scraping along that people can get to their seats, and once there they are so tightly wedged in that movement is impossible. For ladies this is not only a physical cruelty but an outrage on decorum, and it is really amazing that in a civilized society such a disgraceful and indecent practice should be allowed to continue for the benefit of greedy managers. As the audience leaves, each row of stalls has to empty itself in turn, and it is impossible to get out of a row without going to one end or the other; this is of course a very slow and troublesome process, and in the event of any commotion the audience would be perfectly helpless. The Lord Chamberlain might be expected to protect the public from such abuses, and occasionally some mild remonstrance issues from his office; but it has usually very little effect, except for a night or two. Not long since there was a notice from the Lord Chamberlain that managers must not fill up the gangways which are intended to facilitate free movement with chairs which completely block the way; but by this time the objectionable practice is once more in force. It might be supposed that when such an august functionary gave an order there would be somebody to see that it was obeyed. Besides, the want of proper space for movement along the rows of stalls in itself constitutes quite as great a danger as that of blocking up the communications, and ought to receive official attention. It cannot be expected, of course, that the Lord Chamberlain or his deputy should take charge of all the minor fittings of a theatre, but there are certain broad rules in regard to what is due to the safety of the public which ought to be distinctly laid down and strictly enforced. The theatres ought to be bound to show that they each keep a qualified staff of firemen, that entrances and exits are provided in proportion to the number of the audience, and that a certain proportion of seat-room is marked off for every person. It may be said that, if Captain Shaw's suggestions were to be carried out, it would involve the reconstruction of some of the houses, and no doubt the managers would not like it. On the other hand, however, it is difficult to see what right managers have to carry on their business unless they take adequate precautions for public safety. There are several theatres in London in which, if any alarm, real or imaginary, should occur, a frightful catastrophe would inevitably follow, and when this happens it will no doubt be regretted that reasonable precautions were not insisted upon at an earlier period.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE taste of the American public may be inferred from the fact that the *New York Herald* never appears without half a column or so of what it calls "Personal Intelligence." Such an item as "Bass is better" may be accepted as a compliment to ourselves, nor need we quarrel with the statement that "Lady Thornton leads Washington fashion." Many of these items, indeed, are not "personal" in any sense in which we should use that word, and some of them contain allusions which are lost on us for want of local knowledge. But, if we may infer the guests' appetite from the bill of fare, it cannot be doubted that scandal is greatly relished in America. This appears from the selection of real or supposed news which correspondents telegraph from Europe. The sort of things that are said in a Club smoking-room in London are printed and published in New York, and thus we learn that the Prince of Wales's friends desire the Queen's abdication, and are favoured with an epitome of a publication intended, as we presume, for a satire on the Prince. With this taste existing for imported scandal, it may be supposed that any home growth of the same article is accepted eagerly, and it happens that twice lately elopements, real or imaginary, have occupied the gossips of New York. The *Herald*, with commendable frankness, assumes that all classes of both sexes will "devour" a genuine sensation derived from the elopement of the wife of a prominent shipowner and millionaire of Montreal with "a dashing young English blood," and it proceeds to satisfy as far as possible the curiosity which it thus excites. The lady is young, beautiful, comely of person, and wealthy, and belongs to the most aristocratic circle of Montreal. The gentleman is also young, wealthy, travelled, "and withal dashing." Coming from a good family in England, he gained access to Montreal's aristocratic coterie, and at once became a lion with the fair sex.

We are giving here a fair abridgment of the *Herald's* narrative in order to show the kind of thing that its readers like. The "dashing" gentleman was introduced into a particular family, and at once became enamoured of the manifold charms of the mistress of the house. His feeling was ardently reciprocated, and ere the flight of many weeks clandestine meetings between the two panting young hearts were of almost daily occurrence. It must be admitted that the *Daily Telegraph* never comes up to this, nor is anything like it to be found anywhere, so far as we know, in the London or country press. At last the guilty loves of the erring pair became so ardent that Montreal was too circumscribed for them; so, taking advantage of her husband's temporary absence, the lady packed up her luggage, and with her two youngest children joined "her festive Don Juan" in a trip to the States. They crossed the frontier, rested three days at St. Albans, and took the train thence to New York. Scarcely had they arrived and quartered themselves at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when the police, being put in motion by telegraph from Montreal, arrested the whole party, and conveyed them to the station, where comfortable quarters were provided for the lady and her children, but "the gay Lothario" was left to contemplate the inner decorations of a cell. We entirely approve the justice of this proceeding, although more than doubtful as to its legality. Next morning the prisoners, attended by counsel, appeared before a magistrate, who promptly discharged them. The lady was then escorted in the most gallant manner possible to a carriage by the gentleman; and, being entreated by her brother and brother-in-law, who had now arrived, to return to her heart-broken husband, she answered that "she would never leave her dear Frederick." Shortly afterwards the party took train for Philadelphia, and, as the gentleman lovingly handed his Venus and her little ones aboard a sleeping coach, he presented "a genuine fatherly appearance." It is, so far as we remember, a new feature in elopement to take the lady's children along with her, and the *Herald* seems to think it beautiful as well as new. The lady is a brunette, decidedly handsome and engaging in her appearance and manners, and bears every evidence of good breeding. She was very richly, but by no means gaudily, attired, wearing a long black silk cloak lined with ermine, a black velvet bonnet, and carried a sable muff. The gentleman has a very florid complexion, chestnut hair, and moustache and side whiskers of the blonde type. He evidently has plenty of nerve, and declares he will not give up his prize come what may. It would seem to be the opinion of the *Herald* that a more elegant elopement has never been performed. It is added that the gentleman was advised by counsel that in New York State he could be arrested for abduction, while in Pennsylvania he would be free from that annoyance.

This, we are bound to suppose, is substantially a true story. A reporter of the *Herald* had evidently seen the party off by train from Philadelphia, and it is the result of his own personal observation and judgment when he tells us that the lady was a lady and no mistake. He must have seen the children; and the arrivals of brother and brother-in-law, and afterwards of two detectives from Montreal, appear to have been actual occurrences. With us there is generally some sort of "royal" progress or visit going forward which happily supplies our newspapers with enough of "personal" details of a harmless kind. Pig-sticking by the Prince of Wales is at any rate a more wholesome topic than the elopement of Mrs. Smith, with or without children, and Mr. Brown. Besides, these stories are told abundantly in the Divorce Court, where, however, the reporters, having no eye for the picturesque, wholly neglect to inform us how the lady was dressed, or what colour was the gentleman's moustache. We do not doubt that the reporter of the *Herald* has described with sufficient accuracy the personal appear-

ance of a lady and gentleman who came from Montreal to New York, and, let us say, eloped together. But in another such case the narrative published in the New York papers was equally circumstantial, and was correct in almost all particulars except that there had been no elopement.

In reference to this case the *New York Evening Sun* stated that "The daughter of one of the most celebrated physicians in Quebec has fled with an Irish nobleman, and sought concealment in this city." This is the mythical form under which the *Sun* presented the fact that Lord Dunraven had travelled from Quebec with the two daughters of Dr. Rowand. A supposed delinquent becomes charming even if she was not so before, and it is of course that a young lady who is believed to have eloped with an earl should be "said to possess the most attractive qualities." It is equally indispensable that something complimentary should be reported of the gentleman who has thus become distinguished, and accordingly his lordship, "who is said to have already made many conquests," is described as a bachelor and "a plain, unpretentious gentleman with a quiet reserve." It might have occurred to the editor of the *Sun* that, if all this were true, there was no need for either secrecy or flight, as the young lady might have married the nobleman either with or without her parents' consent. Although we are frequently awakened by the *Herald* of New York, we had not hitherto been enlightened by the *Sun*, and we do not accurately know for what sort of world that luminary shines. But, assuming that it has readers, what estimate must we form of their intelligence and refinement? We are told that the parties "travelled with the greatest secrecy"; but as they would probably come by rail, and were well known at Quebec, whence they started, this could be no more than one of those theatrical mysteries which fail to deceive the youngest playgoer. The *Herald*, whose business, to do it justice, is rather to embellish truth than to invent falsehood, took the most effectual means to contradict the *Sun* by sending a reporter to Lord Dunraven at the Brevoort House, and obtaining from him the statement that he is married and has a family, that he travelled from Quebec with the two daughters of Dr. Rowand, and had been confined to his room by indisposition. Thus far, as we understand, the *Herald* is stating facts learned from Lord Dunraven, but at this point inveterate habit carries it into inconsistent fiction. It goes on to state that the two young ladies are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Murray Nairne of New York, that Lord Dunraven had dined at Dr. Nairne's house, and had appeared with his party at the charity ball which the *Herald* in another column has described in its most brilliant style. If this sort of treatment of travellers is likely to become usual, English men and women of any distinction will think twice, or even thrice, before "concluding" to visit the Philadelphia Exhibition. We heard some time ago that journalism would be a "feature" of this exhibition, and we think that examples ought to be shown of some of the biggest lies to which the newspaper press has given currency. A gentleman travelling to Quebec gives escort to two young ladies, and on this fact is founded the fiction that one of them had "fled" with him and "sought concealment" in New York. Then it is stated that "the facts of this startling elopement" had been known in the leading social circles of Canada for some days, but owing to the high position of the parties they had thus far been suppressed. We may be sure that, if any such facts did occur, the high position of the parties would excite in the press of New York intense competition for the possession of them. Indeed, in the case of the wife of the "millionaire of Montreal," where there would seem to have been facts, the *Herald* hastened to weave them into its usual ornamental style of narrative. It should be observed that in the case of Lord Dunraven the *Herald* of Thursday, 3rd February, stated, apparently as the result of inquiry by a reporter, that the Earl "had been confined to his room for some days," and added in the very next sentence that on Tuesday evening he dined with Dr. Nairne and went to the charity ball. Lord Dunraven on the 6th February addressed to the *New York World* a letter, in which, after noticing that, according to the pages of certain newspapers, he had since his arrival in New York eloped with a young lady, danced at a charity ball, dined out, been present at an evening reception, and lain concealed somewhere mysteriously for no good purpose, he states that at the same time he was, to the best of his own belief, lying ill in bed at the Brevoort House. Thus the *Herald* is contradicted as regards the dinner and ball by Lord Dunraven as well as by itself. At this season perhaps noblemen, English or Irish, are scarce articles in New York, and have got to be made the most of; and, as Lord Dunraven good-naturedly puts it, matters are becoming rather mixed with him, and he thinks of hiring a man to tell him who he is, what he is, and what commandment he is breaking. At Philadelphia in the summer there may be some safety in numbers; but, on the other hand, for every English lady or gentleman that is added to the list of visitors, an increased number of combinations with those already arrived becomes arithmetically possible. If only American editors could be content to write, and their subscribers to read, that Mrs. Senator Tompkins wears blue velvet, their habits and tastes would not concern us. But it becomes alarming when a "plain, unpretentious gentleman" is assumed to be a "gallant, gay Lothario" on no evidence at all, and apparently on the broad principle that those quiet ones are always the worst.

A BUSY BOARD.

IT is natural perhaps that the Metropolitan Board of Works, being a sort of local Parliament, should give itself Parliamentary airs. It makes a special ceremony of bringing in its Budget just as the other House does, and the member entrusted with the duty of course feels bound to vie with his Parliamentary prototype in the length and solemnity of his statement. Mr. Dresser Rogers, who had the other day to play this part at the Board, had, however, really something to say which deserves attention. The Metropolitan Board may not be altogether so ideally perfect as its members are in the habit of assuming, and Mr. Rogers was perhaps rather lavish with his superlatives, as, for instance, when he spoke of those "most gigantic paving operations, whole roads of miles in length covered with pavement of the most lasting character possible." A good pavement is very well in its way; but, after all, it is not such a very wonderful achievement of human ingenuity, and something might also be expected to be done to prevent its being covered for days together with horrible mud. Again, when Mr. Rogers praises the City as being kept more tidily than any other place in the world, he suggests the question why the rest of London falls so far below this standard of cleanliness, and it may occur to some minds that the Common Council is not much given to long speeches. At the same time it must be admitted that the Board has a great deal to do, and that, up to a certain point, it does it very fairly; and it is only justice that the range of the duties thrown upon it, and the amount of work accomplished, should be taken into account as a set-off against any shortcomings. It is now twenty years since the Board was first established, and it has not only, in consequence of the neglect and incapacity of the old Commissioners of Sewers, had a long leeway to make up, but has found its responsibilities continually growing. In those years the population within the metropolitan area has risen from 2,592,000 to 3,510,000; and the number of houses from 323,000 to 451,742. The area of taxation is 75,620 acres or 118 square miles; and the rateable value has risen from 11,283,000*l.* to 23,276,000*l.*, or more than double. In 1856, the first year of the Board, a penny rate realized 47,000*l.*, while now it is calculated to produce not far short of 100,000*l.* More than a million has been lent by the Board to the Vestries and District Boards for various improvements. The loans sanctioned under the Loans Act of 1875 to these bodies for the purpose of paving alone has amounted to 86,050*l.* The large main sewers are now to a great extent completed, but local branches have had to be, and still are being, made. During the past year the Board has further made various contributions to the local improvements of the metropolis, amounting to a total of nearly 50,000*l.* The embankment of the Thames has absorbed a large sum; the three branches of the work—the Victoria, Albert, and Chelsea Embankments—having cost altogether 2,403,269*l.* The charge of open places for the people, which has been entrusted to the Board, has also been expensive, as much as 343,000*l.* having been spent on buying up private rights. Mr. Rogers, after enumerating what had already been done, added that at the present time there were metropolitan improvements going on for which it was estimated that at least 783,000*l.* would be required. Notwithstanding its heavy expenditure, the Board has paid off all the debt left over by the former Commissioners of Sewers; but, on the other hand, it has incurred a total debt of its own to the amount of 11,828,000*l.*, which is reduced to a net sum of about nine millions by various recoupments, and the estimated value of surplus land. That the public, however, has confidence in the solvency of the Board is attested by the fact that the stock, which in 1870, when it first came into the market, ranged from 89 to 95*l.*, last year never fell below 96*l.*, and went as high as 102*l.*

It will be seen from these statements that the Metropolitan Board has a vast amount of business on its hands, and that, if it does not move quite so fast as some people would like, it is at least far from idle. It must also be remembered that improvements cost money, and that, though the Board finds no difficulty in raising funds at a moderate interest, the expenditure must sooner or later come out of the pockets of the public, and that there is a limit to the taxation which it is judicious at any moment to impose. Mr. Rogers notices the fact that the earlier improvements of the Board were almost entirely provided for out of the coal and wine dues; that is to say, the residents within an area of fifteen miles contributed to the cost of such works as the Thames Embankment and Queen Victoria Street. But at the present moment the greater part of the taxation required for public works has to be paid directly by the inhabitants of the metropolis proper, upon whom it falls very heavily. There is a large emigration from the rated area into the "outer ring," where population is every day increasing, and it is not unnatural that the Board should cast a longing eye after those who thus escape its powers of taxation, though they benefit to some extent by the costly improvements which are always going on. If, however, the outlay is large, there can be no doubt that there is a beneficial return for the money. Sewerage is not a very poetical subject, but we do not wonder at the enthusiasm with which Mr. Rogers described the thousand miles of sewers underground, "comprising 254 miles of main-drainage sewers built by the Board, sufficiently large for a man to walk upright in for their entire length," and the 776 miles of local sewers in connexion with the main system which the much-abused Vestries have constructed. From the language which Mr. Rogers used, one might imagine that he would

regard it as a great treat for the public if the sewers could be thrown open for inspection at holiday times. People would then behold a sight which would no doubt astonish them, and would feel satisfied that they had got something for their money. These are undoubtedly works of which London may well be proud, and from which she cannot fail to derive substantial benefit in a more healthy atmosphere and soil. The death-rate of London has been much reduced from what it was in former days; and though it would be going too far to attribute this altogether to the operations of the Metropolitan Board, there can be no question that they have materially assisted in this direction. Admitting, however, the necessity and duty of pushing on with sanitary improvements, there is no getting rid of the fact that these are expensive luxuries, and that the large outlay in this respect is a serious question for the ratepayers. The total expenditure of the Board for 1876 is estimated at 848,000*l.*, with a set-off in the shape of contributions, rents, gas-meter fees, &c., of 168,937*l.*, so that 679,000*l.* remains to be raised by taxation. Of this latter sum, 34 per cent. will be obtained by indirect taxation, consisting of the coal and wine dues, and 66 per cent. by direct taxation by the Board's precept. This year, however, the net charge on the ratepayers will be about a penny less than last year, on account of the increased rateable value on which it is assessed.

One of the chief difficulties of the Metropolitan Board would seem to be the number of new duties which are continually being cast upon it. Formerly, for instance, the police used to look after dangerous structures, but this task has been transferred to the Board; and as it gives much annoyance and trouble, the demand that it should be made self-supporting seems not unreasonable. Then the Slaughter-houses Act came into operation last year, which has created more work than was expected, on account of the Board having been appointed as arbitrator with regard to the value of the cattle slaughtered. It is hoped, however, that in a few years this will not be an unprofitable part of the operations of the Board. Next, the Board has been saddled with the Explosive Substances Act and the Artisans' Dwellings Act. The Board is also responsible for the Fire Brigade, which, we have Mr. Rogers's assurance, is the finest in the world. The expense of the brigade is to some extent supplemented by the Insurance Offices, whose contribution this year will be nearly 19,000*l.*; but the Board thinks this ought to be augmented. It will be seen, therefore, that the importance and responsibilities of the Board are continually expanding. It has the entire sanitary administration of a vast population, which is not only steadily growing in numbers but becoming more luxurious in its wants, and more fastidious as to the manner in which the streets and public places are kept; and, in addition to its natural functions, fresh duties are from time to time thrown on it by Parliament. The convenience of having such an organization always at hand for any piece of work which there is a difficulty in providing for offers a temptation which a Ministry finds it difficult to resist; but it may be doubted whether the camel, however strong and patient, will endure much further loading. On the whole, the impression we get of this Board is that it is a busy, active, and well-meaning body, just perhaps a little fussy and self-important, but doing good work in a steady way, though whether with a sufficient eye to economy is another question.

THE GASCON AT THE OLYMPIC.

THE success of an English version of *Le Gascon* is likely to be limited by the circumstance that there can be few or none of the hero's compatriots to applaud him. The excursions of French dramatists into Scotland have usually encouraging results in the theatres for which they write, but a bare translation of their compositions into English is generally the most effectual ridicule. In any language, however, snow is cold, and it is difficult to contemplate with gravity Mary Stuart sitting at night at an open window listening to an impassioned song which her lover breathes to her across the "frozen moat." If anything could excuse the conduct of the Scottish nobles to their Queen it would be the presence at her Court of such "followers" as Chastelard and the Gascon; and if, instead of attempting to murder the intrusive singer, they had marched him to the guard-house and put him in the stocks, our sympathy would have been apt to take their side. It is not so long ago that Englishmen regarded all foreigners as French, and therefore it is not wonderful that in Paris Scotchman is identified with Highlander. To our more instructed eyes it seems odd that the citizens of Edinburgh should wear kilts. But this is a mere detail. A more serious error is committed when four Scotchmen are shown to be such blunderers in homicide that they cannot effectually settle one Gascon. The house that bears the formidable motto "I make sicker" was not represented on this occasion, and so the Gascon, who had been left for dead in the snow, turns up as lively as ever in the Queen's chamber shortly afterwards. The Gascon lies and he dies, and we cannot be quite sure that in describing this play we might not misplace a letter. Chastelard, having sung his song, hides in the frozen moat while the guard makes its round, and then climbs to the window of the Queen's chamber and takes refuge there. Lord Maxwell and his friends knock and demand admission; the Queen and her lover suffer agonies of despair to appropriate music, until the Queen, kneeling and clasping in her hands a cross, causes by a sort of miracle a secret door to open, and there in a cupboard stands the irrepressible

Gascon, recovered at least temporarily from the bloody dirk which made not sure of murder's work, and ready for any service that love or loyalty can demand of him. Chastelard makes his exit by the way by which the Gascon enters, and then the door is opened and Lord Maxwell and friends march in and group themselves for the final tableau, which is to show us "how a Gascon dies," although at the last moment we are not sure that he does not mean to spell it with an "l." He is made a prince, and Mary Carmichael, the Queen's maid of honour, gives visible tokens of her love for him, and perhaps, under these encouraging circumstances, the fatal character of his wound may be mitigated. He has cheated so many enemies that it is difficult to believe that he will not in some way elude Death, and whether he lives or dies is to the British public unimportant, provided only that his adventures terminate in convenient time to catch the last train into the suburbs. The play has been elaborately got up, and Mrs. Rousby, who seems to be the accepted representative of Mary Stuart, has been engaged for the Queen's part, while Mr. W. H. Fisher, in a sleek comfortable way, enacts the romantic despairing Chastelard. To prevent disappointment, we may mention that the sorrows of this pair of lovers are not particularly affecting. The earlier scenes are laid in France, and here the ready audacity of the Gascon exhibits itself in amusing although scarcely novel circumstances. "Historical costumes of the period" do not save the *fête* in the Palace of Holyrood from dullness, and the play is so far true to history that Mary Stuart and her associates are unfortunate from the moment of setting foot on Scottish soil. As a play the *Gascon* is dreary, and as a spectacle it is not particularly brilliant. Like some other French products, it has suffered by change of climate.

This play is neither good history nor plausible fiction, and when we find the Gascon in Scotland we are moved to ask what business he has there? Both love and loyalty are equally outraged by the proceedings in which he abets Chastelard, and any rough Scotch noble who might knock the impulsive poet on the head would deserve his nation's thanks. Mary, we will assume, was not in this matter guilty, but only imprudent, although the author of the play or the actors of it make her more than sufficiently demonstrative in her affection. The address and boldness of the Gascon might excite more sympathy if they were employed in a more worthy cause. But the story comes to this, that one of the "Queen's Maries" promises him marriage if he will help the Queen in an intrigue. Scotchmen will perhaps not be highly gratified to see their Queen guarded on her road to Holyrood against her own subjects by two French adventurers. When the real Chastelard made the second of his mad attempts, the outcry raised brought the Queen's brother, afterwards the Regent Murray, to the spot, and he made short work of the audacious poet, as he would of the gasconading friend if he had laid hands on him. There used to be a French farce in which two sign-painters, who can get no work at home, go to Scotland, and succeed marvellously by ingenious impudence, very much as this Gascon does. But although to the French dramatist Scotland is a convenient *terra incognita*, it is not so to us. Such interest as this play has is derived, not from the absurd adventures of the Gascon, but from the character and position of the Queen, which forms an unfailing stock-in-trade for dramatists. This character of the Gascon is doubtless convenient to French dramatists, as he might by the same method as is used here be insinuated into any other play. Scotchmen may see with impatience the gage which is thrown down by the Ambassador of England taken up by this impudent intruder; for it is only justice to Scotchmen of the sixteenth century to say that they would sooner have fought for any of the factions into which their country was divided than not have fought at all. It may perhaps be correct to say that the Gascon serves to French dramatists the same purpose that the Irishman has done to our own novelists, and notably to Mr. Charles Lever, whose heroes gained, as we understand, several victories erroneously ascribed by history to the Duke of Wellington. Without entirely adopting the coarse expression which we find in the programme of this play, we may say that the Gaseon shows considerable power of imagination, which quality is commonly ascribed to Irishmen. So many Scotchmen sought fortune in those days in France that it is perhaps fair to allow this one Gascon to exchange, if he thinks proper, his own sunny and fertile country for cold and barren Scotland. By way of foil to the Gascon and Chastelard, the author, with full warrant from history, has made Lord Darnley a poor little creature who has not even pluck enough to take up the Englishman's gage.

It is a comfort to think that when the dramatists have done with Chastelard (who, by the way, is not killed yet) an unlimited series of plays may still be made out of the history of Mary Stuart. There is her marriage with Darnley, the murder of Rizzio, the murder of Darnley and blowing up of the Kirk o' Field, the Queen's marriage to Bothwell, her imprisonment at Lochleven and her escape by the contrivance of George Douglas, and, lastly, her flight to England, imprisonment, and death upon the scaffold. Some enterprising manager should engage Mrs. Rousby to play Mary Stuart in Great Britain and the Colonies and America for the remainder of her professional career. Above all, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre should take in hand a subject so well suited to the capacity of his establishment. Let him read the following extract from Mr. Froude's History, Vol. VIII. p. 251, and calculate the pecuniary value of the suggestion contained in it:—"Darnley placed himself on the sofa at his wife's side. She asked him if he had supped. He muttered something, threw his arms round her

waist, and kissed her. As she shrank from him half surprised, the curtain was again lifted, and against the dark background, alone, his corslet glimmering through the folds of a crimson sash, a steel cap on his head, and his face pale as if he had risen from the grave, stood the figure of Ruthven." Answering Darnley's kiss with the one word "Judas," Mary confronts the awful apparition, and demands the meaning of the intrusion. Pointing to Rizzio, and with a voice sepulchral as his features, Ruthven answers:—

Let your man come forth; he has been here over long.

After some inevitably effective "business," Rizzio is dragged off, and his screams are heard as he is murdered behind the stage. As nobody says much in this scene, there is no great demand for any qualifications in the acting beyond look and manner, and this consideration would be powerful with a modern manager, who might be trusted to perceive even more clearly the capability, pyrotechnic and otherwise, of the subsequent scene of Darnley's murder. Advancing further in the Queen's life, there might be a view of the lake and island which formed the scene of her imprisonment and escape, and here Scott's novel would become available for dialogue, which, however, would be prudently subordinated to spectacle. Not the least of Mary Stuart's recommendations as a heroine for Drury Lane would be that she was a well-practised horsewoman. Her ride through the night from Lochleven to Hamilton might be represented as completely as the resources of the theatre would permit, nor need the Queen be limited to the servant's dress in which she actually made that journey. One poor pony comes on at the Olympic drawing the cart in which the Gascon first appears; but at Drury Lane they could introduce, if need were, a dozen full-sized horses, and if it came to capability for spectacle this is something like the proportion between the two houses. As regards the Queen's character, it is enough to say that, while some of her subjects would have burned her as a murderer, others would have sacrificed their lives to win her smiles or spare her tears, and the dramatist may choose which of the two opposite views he pleases; nor will he need any hint as to which would be the more popular. In an age liberal of whitewash, Mary Stuart would be certain to receive as much as any incidents of her career may seem to require.

The character of the Gascon suits Mr. Henry Neville; but unfortunately it is on the English stage little better than an excrescence of a drama on the subject of Mary Stuart. It is scarcely likely, therefore, that this play will do much to confirm our notion that a mine of dramatic wealth exists in the history of the fair Queen of Scots. We believe, however, that the *Waverley Novels* for spectacle, and the works of Dickens for domestic drama, will long be profitable sources of inspiration. A play called *Jo*, derived from *Bleak House*, has just been produced at the Globe Theatre, and we infer from a photograph of Miss Jennie Lee in the leading part that the play has been previously performed in the United States. The cast is scarcely strong enough for great success, although the parts of *Jo*, Mr. Tulkinghorn, and Inspector Bucket are all well played, and the great principle of "moving on" is forcibly expounded. The success of Miss Jennie Lee as *Jo* is, indeed, remarkable. Since this tale was written Potter's Burial Ground has been closed, and the proceedings of the Court of Chancery have been accelerated. But society is still desiring that the like of *Jo* would move on out of its sight.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF LORD SHELBOURNE.—VOL. II.*

THE second volume of Lord Shelburne's Life deals with the ten years from 1766 to 1776; and opens with the state of affairs when Lord Shelburne, then twenty-nine years old, accepted the seals under Chatham. At this time there were two departments, Southern and Northern, in the Secretary of State's office; the former having "the management of Home and Irish affairs, and of the correspondence with the States of Western Europe, India, and the Colonies." Chatham, who thought ill of this divided administration of the Colonies, determined to put an end to it. Rockingham had thought of doing this by making a third Secretaryship of State, but Chatham adopted the course of reducing the Board of Trade to a "Board of Report upon reference to it for advice or information on the part of the Secretary of State"; which course Hillsborough, the President of the Board, was very ready to accede to. The attitude of Lord Shelburne, who was thus enabled to give full attention to his department, alarmed Choiseul and Grimaldi, who, says Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, "ever since the peace had been scheming how to win back what they had lost." Lord Shelburne, instructed by Chatham to demand settlement of England's outstanding claims against France and Spain, informed the Spanish ambassador Masserano that it was resolved to insist on the just claim to the ransom of Manilla, and that if the Spaniards chose to regard the American and Southern seas as their possessions, and to suspect a war from the English navigating there, "he had no hesitation to say that he would advise one, if they insisted on renewing such a vague and strange pretension long since worn out." The decisive action which Lord

* *Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards First Marquess of Lansdowne; with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence.* By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. Vol. II. 1766-1776. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

Shelburne contemplated was however unfortunately prevented by the divisions of the Cabinet on the affairs of India and America. "Nothing," wrote Lord Shelburne to Chatham, "can be so unsatisfactory as the state of the Indian business is become," and that this was by no means an exaggerated statement is proved by the facts recorded.

The heads of a plan of reform, which Lord Shelburne himself thought of, are found in the same chapter with the letter from which we have quoted, written in 1766. Early in the next year the proprietors resolved to treat; but in their report of the points on which they judged it necessary to make an agreement with the Administration, there was nothing said of the concessions to be made to the State in return for the privileges to be granted to them. They had secured a friend in Charles Townshend, "who, regardless alike of the opinions of Chatham on Indian government, and of Shelburne on American taxation, had determined to conciliate the powerful Indian connexion at home, and to obtain a revenue by once more attacking the distant American colonies, the opposition of which, unwarmed by recent events, he ventured to despise." To America the Mutiny Bill had been extended in 1765, and it was to run for two years. The question of compensation to the sufferers by the riots of the preceding year had been indifferently urged by Bernard, Governor of Massachusetts, who chose to substitute the word *require* for *recommend*; and there was an indignation aroused which Lord Shelburne's wise and temperate attitude when he came into power went far to smooth. His biographer has detailed his views upon this and more important matters of American policy; to all of which Townshend was opposed. The strange illness of Chatham helped his schemes; Lord Shelburne's continuance in office was obnoxious alike to the Bedford party, to the followers of Rockingham, and to those of Grenville. "The King had only admitted him to his councils out of deference to Chatham, and now willingly joined Grafton and Northington in denouncing him as a 'secret enemy,' and suggesting his removal." It was his own wish to resign, but he felt it to be impracticable while Chatham held the Privy Seal, and regarded him as his representative. On the 4th of September, 1767, Charles Townshend died suddenly of a putrid fever. Shortly after this Northington and General Conway resigned. Grafton now had an opportunity which he might have used better than he did. Bedford made his support conditional on Lord Shelburne's resigning the management of colonial affairs; and Grafton made use of the old controversy about the division in the Secretary of State's office, with the result that in the following January Hillsborough took the administration of the American Colonies, Weymouth that of Home Affairs and the Northern Department, and Lord Shelburne the limited sphere of action which remained. Before leaving the first chapter of Lord Fitzmaurice's second volume, which treats at length of the affairs we have touched upon, it may be interesting to quote the conclusion of a memorandum drawn up for Lord Shelburne, of the course which he thought advisable regarding America:—

It remains now to be considered what measures under these circumstances it is most wise and becoming in Great Britain to pursue. I consider the Mutiny Act, and the requisition for a compensation to sufferers, as of no other consequence than as the dignity of Great Britain seemed staked on their support. The laws of trade and navigation are essential, and must be supported at all risks, and with every exertion of power. The other points are doubtful in their principles, and may perhaps be among those rights—to use a language which I do not understand—that are never fit to be exercised, and yet this subtle distinction is the sole ground upon which the repeal of the Stamp Act can be defended, consistently with the Act which affirms the right. The enforcing of the Mutiny Act will I am afraid create a general dissatisfaction in America, and involve all the Provinces in one common cause of resistance—an effect which may be attended with the most fearful consequences—and the dignity of Great Britain be lost for ever together with her power, and the ends of those factious persons, who have excited the indecent and petulant resolutions of the assemblies there, be fully accomplished; yet if Great Britain does not in some shape put forth her dignity on this occasion, she may end by losing all credit and reverence in America, and lose likewise her power there, which is and must be in a great measure founded on opinion.

Some measures therefore it seems ought to be taken of so bold and decisive a nature, as to convince the Americans that the long patience of Great Britain has been by no means owing to timidity, and yet the ends of those measures should be so manifestly just and important, as to leave no room for jealousies and fears in the minds of the sober and well-disposed, and thereby give no pretence for common measures of resistance, and it would be still more desirable if these measures could be directed against a particular Province.

From 1767 to 1768 Lord Shelburne was engaged upon the affairs of Ireland, and Choiseul meanwhile, convinced of the ascendancy of the Bedford party, betook himself to his schemes of aggrandizement. Corsica had for long been in an unquiet state and the Genoese had often thought of selling the island to France; but in 1743 the English Government announced that they would not permit such a transaction, whereupon the Genoese Minister replied that there was no intention of attempting it. In 1767 France, being the creditor of the Genoese, made secret offers to Paoli, the Corsican, in consequence of which the Genoese again resolved to sell the island to France, with which purpose a treaty was signed on May 15th, 1768. Choiseul and Châtelet attempted to cover the matter with plausible assurance when the news reached England; but Lord Shelburne instructed Rochfort to demand a decided explanation, and at the same time despatched Mr. John Stewart as a secret emissary to report on the state both of France and Corsica. His letter giving an account of the island and its condition is vivid, and the description of Paoli is interesting. His conversation was "clear and intelligent," and discovered a knowledge of the various Courts of Europe. He was well

acquainted with history, ancient and modern, and translated English correctly:—

As to his management with the Corsicans, he seems to have them in a tolerable degree of subjection, merely by that ascendancy which a man of parts and knowledge is sure to acquire over weak and uncultivated minds, and I find that like Numa and Mahomet he does not scruple to employ even visions, revelations, and dreams to strengthen his power. Religion seems to sit easy upon him, and notwithstanding what his historian Boswell relates, I take him to be very free in his notions that way. This I suspect both from the strain of his conversation, and from what I have learnt of his conduct towards the clergy and monks. If after all I may venture to pronounce wherein I think him deficient, I should say it is in personal courage. The manner in which he answered when I endeavoured to spur him on to some spirited action, gave me first this idea, and then his complaints of sickness and feverishness as an excuse for his inactivity, seemed unsoldier-like and equivocal at best.

While Stewart was away, and French troops were landing in Corsica, Grafton had devised the singularly unwise scheme of sending assistance secretly to the Corsicans—a scheme which could only justify the hostility of the French without being of the least real service to the islanders. When Stewart's report and those of an emissary of Grafton's arrived, he lamented too late that he had been ignorant of the true state of affairs. The Corsicans were forced to submit, and Paoli fled to England. On October 19th Lord Shelburne, whose expulsion from the Cabinet Grafton, when the Corsican business was over, set himself to accomplish, gave in his resignation. On the day before this a squib appeared in the *Public Advertiser* which introduced him as a Jesuit; a year before a former one had spoken of him as Malagrida, and the nickname stuck to him afterwards in every squib of the time. Some time afterwards Goldsmith, sitting next to Lord Shelburne, said to him, with characteristic blundering in expression, "Do you know that I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida, for Malagrida was a very good sort of man?" It is very curious to compare the characters of Lord Shelburne given by Walpole and by Jeremy Bentham. Walpole said of him:—

He was so well known that he could only deceive by speaking the truth. His plausibility was less an artifice than a habit. . . . With an unbounded ambition of governing mankind, he had never studied them. . . . Thus a Catiline or a Borgia were his models in an age when half their wickedness would have suited him better—for when refinements have taken the place of horrid crimes, and the manners of men are rather corrupt than flagitious, excess of profligacy is more destructive to ambition than serviceable.

Bentham wrote of him that he was

One of the pleasantest men to live with that ever God put breath into; his whole study seems to be to make everybody about him happy. . . . There was a prodigious deal of ambiguity in the general tenor of his language on party subjects, whether genuine or affected I cannot be certain. . . . His mind seemed always in a state of agitation with the passion of ambition and the desire of splendour. His head was not clear. . . . There was artifice in him, but also genuine good feeling.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice is of opinion that his reputation for duplicity was the result of "an overstrained affectation of extreme courtesy, and a habit of using unnecessary compliments in conversation."

After Lord Shelburne's resignation came troubles of various kinds. There were fresh riots in Boston; the English garrisons were expelled by the Spaniards from the Falkland Islands; France had hostile intentions; and at home the Middlesex election grievances were unredressed. Lord Shelburne, speaking in the House, said that abroad England had not, and could not get, an ally. After Chatham's motion (for an amendment to the Address "that the House would inquire into grievances, especially those of the Middlesex election"), which was lost, Rockingham gave notice that next day he would call attention to the state of the nation—when Grafton asked for a more distant day; "it was felt that the Chancellor's resignation was impending." Lord Shelburne cried that the seals were to go a-begging, but he hoped there would be nowhere found a wretch so base as to accept them under the inevitable conditions. Soon afterwards Grafton resigned, and North succeeded him, and found his advantage in the divisions of the Opposition. The terms in which the members of this spoke of each other on the occasion of the doubts as to some of Mansfield's legal decisions, and the steps to be taken with regard to them, are amusing. Disputes of all kinds went on, in the midst of which Lady Shelburne died, and Lord Shelburne resolved as soon as possible to leave England, which he did with Barré in May 1771. In Paris, among other distinguished men, he met with the Abbé Morellet, whom he afterwards entertained at Bowood, where were also Franklin, Garrick, Barré, and Priestley, who afterwards became Lord Shelburne's librarian. "Shelburne often confessed," says Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, "that his connexion with Morellet was the turning point of his own career." In his own words, "Morellet liberalized his ideas."

What part Lord Shelburne took in the questions as to religious toleration, and those which followed concerning the East India Company, and after that the Boston tea ships, we may leave readers to discover from Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's present volume. To the chapter on the last matter he has put the appropriate heading from Herodotus, *Αἴραι δὲ αἱ νεῖς δρῦγι κακού ἐγένετο*. In the debate upon the Address to the King on the disturbances in North America a scene of singular violence occurred between him and Mansfield, his favourite antagonist, in which each accused the other of falsehood. At another time he was almost as violent against the Archbishop of York. But, as his biographer observes, the Duke of Grafton has noted in his memoirs that the debates at this time "were unusually frequent and warm," and Lord Shelburne's violence may have been in no way

exceptional. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's second volume, which concludes with a collection of various memoranda of Lord Sholburne's on "Men and Things," is perhaps less interesting than his first; but it often happens that the middle of a journey is not so pleasant as either the beginning or the end.

ENGLAND FROM A GERMAN POINT OF VIEW.*

WE opened this book in the expectation of finding in it something like a Teutonic counterpart of M. Taine's *Notes sur l'Angleterre*. We hoped to be improved by the spectacle, not of *esprit* making mock at our national characteristics, but of *Geist* loftily patronizing them. We hoped to see our social institutions passed in review, and Shakspeare once more proved to be "the poet of the German race." Visions of Arminius von Thunderten-tronck arose before us, with his tiresome dusty hair, his insufferable spectacles, his clanking military gait, and his talent for disagreeable plain-speaking. Now, we thought, a genuine Arminius from the Teutoburger-Wald is about to show us our stupidity, our vulgarity, our affection for claptrap; and Herr Rodenberg, being a German, will not even allow us the consolation that M. Taine did when he explained away all our foibles as a deposit from our fogs. But a grave disappointment was in store for us. Instead of a "scientifically developed ground exposition," a careful analysis of English life and literature with invariable reference to first principles, we found that *England, Literary and Social, from a German Point of View*, simply meant a string of haphazard magazine articles written by a German upon Chaucer, Shakspeare, Johnson, the Jews, the Clubs, and the Lakes. With regard to a magazine article there are always two questions that may be asked—Was it worth writing? and is it worth reprinting? In the case of the writing of a foreigner, a third question comes in, Is it worth translating? Herr Rodenberg's essays were perhaps worth writing, and possibly, for a foreign public, worth reprinting. Any way, we have the authority of the *Times* for the statement, which the translator takes care to quote in his preface (we hope, however, that the wording belongs to the translator, and not to the *Times*), that this book is "one of many efforts of the author to endeavour to make his countrymen know and love England." All "efforts to endeavour" to do anything so desirable ought to be encouraged, and yet we fear that we cannot answer our third question in the affirmative. The book was not worth translating. There is no "German point of view" whatever in it, except in the preface, and that is a German view of Germany, not of England. What is old in the book is not better told than it has been told a dozen times before, and what is new is mostly wrong.

"Kent and the Canterbury Tales" is the title of the first essay, and the first part of it, the gossip about Kent, is pleasant enough. We meet with the proper amount of enthusiasm for the English country gentleman, the "real kernel of the English nation," with his "baronial hall surrounded by its park and timber, a hundred years old." Timber a hundred years old is not very striking to look at, but that is by the way. Then we are told, to point the contrast between the mushroom nobility of England and its primeval gentry, that "none of the Upper House can trace their descent beyond 1264"—as though the first Baron de Ros had never owned a father, but had been literally "created" out of the primitive clay. The description of Canterbury of course leads to a description of the murder of "Thomas à Becket," and to a description of the tomb of the Black Prince, who, equally of course, won his plume and his "Ich Dien" at Cressy. Perhaps it is the "German point of view" which suggests the following remarkable sentence:—

The choir of the Cathedral has an imposing effect when one first sees its pillars, its arches, and, walking under its vaults, thinks he beholds above him the arches of an oak-wood turned into stone, from which the German spirit obtained its first architectural inspiration.

These, however, are trifles; and we hasten on to the gist of the essay, its treatment of Chaucer and his pilgrims. Now Herr Rodenberg is genuinely fond of Chaucer, and we feel a tenderness for him on that account. But in dealing with him he shows a mixture of conscientiousness and credulity which is truly exasperating. He has heard of Ten Brink, whose book the translator speaks of under the deliciously muddle-headed title of "Chaucer's Studies of the History of his Development"; but he has never heard of the Chaucer Society, nor, apparently, of Sir Harris Nicholas. He confuses Alexander the Great with Alexander the Coppersmith, by talking of "John Morley's English Writers." He ignores the *Trial-Forewords*, and falls back for his facts upon a piece of book-making like Matthew Browne's *Chaucer's England*. The result is what might have been expected. Chaucer was "born in London," without any shadow of a doubt. Almost as certainly he dwelt long at Woodstock, although the poem in which that is asserted, the so-called *Chaucer's Dreme*, Herr Rodenberg admits that Ten Brink has proved to be spurious. "This song," he says, in the very next sentence to that in which he has made the admission, "is the only one in which Chaucer apparently painted the landscape scenery of Woodstock, and immortalized his residence therein." This is indeed a new style of criticism—to admit the spuriousness of a document, and yet to build pages of hypothesis upon it. But worse is to follow. The author is so wedded to his belief that Chaucer, young or old, lived at Woodstock (otherwise how could Mark Akenside in the eighteenth century have said he

did?) that he will have it that he wrote the *Assembly of Foules* there, in honour of John of Gaunt's marriage with Blaunch of Lancaster in 1358. Of course Herr Rodenberg is not the inventor of this absurd supposition; but a man who has read Ten Brink ought once for all to have cleared his mind of it. In 1358 Chaucer was eighteen years old. Does Dr. Rodenberg imagine that the *Assembly* is the work of a boy of eighteen? Moreover fifteen stanzas of it, essential to the harmony of the piece, are translated straight from Boccaccio's *Teseide*, and we have no evidence of Chaucer's having known the *Teseide* till after his visit to Italy in 1372. Again, with regard to that visit, Herr Rodenberg has no suspicion that the words of the Clerk of Oxford about the meeting with Petrarch are not to be accepted as literally true of Chaucer himself. If he had read his Ten Brink carefully, or indeed any other book than *Chaucer's England*, he would have known that Petrarch did not translate Boccaccio's story of Griselda into Latin till after Chaucer had returned to England, so that the theory of a literal interpretation falls to the ground. But that matters nothing to Herr Rodenberg; he must make his Chaucer picturesque at any price—in his youth, a wanderer in the glades of Woodstock; in middle life, drinking in inspiration from the lips of Petrarch; in his old age, "struggling with debts and creditors." As to this last, it is not unlikely that Chaucer was poorly off in his later years, but Herr Rodenberg is talking without book when he says, "In the year 1391 we again find him without office and almost without means; and so he remained till the last year of the century and of his life." As a matter of fact he was pensioned again in 1394. But that would interfere with Dr. Rodenberg's conclusion, and still further disturb his metaphors:—

But now his God-graced nature, sunny in his deepest depths, showed itself, which no earthly trouble could darken; for in these thirteen years, like the nightingale singing in the night, he produced his great poem, which, borne from century to century, belongs to the world's literature as it opens that of England.

Happy Chaucer, dowered with a true poet's versatility! In one and the same moment he is a valley illuminated by the sun and a nightingale that sings in the night. Polonius would have called that "good."

But we must leave Chaucer, and see what may be discovered of other English matters, literary and social, from this "German point of view." "Shakspeare's London" is the title of the next essay, and, while it keeps to London, it is not bad. Old St. Paul's is described with an eye to effect, to say the least of it, though we very much doubt whether the description would stand the test of truth. The author is properly enthusiastic about the "silver Thames" of Shakspeare's day, and about the gardens and houses of the great families; though it is a little hard upon the unimpeachable respectability of Norfolk Street and Essex Street to say that the place of those houses is now occupied by "the maze of dark courts and ill-famed side streets of the Strand." The Guildhall is not in Cheapside, nor is Bevis Marks in Aldersgate; nor, when speaking of the City, inside Temple Bar, is it quite accurate to talk of an emigration "westward towards Fleet Street." Cheapside Cross, we read, was "destroyed in 1643 by the Puritans, as was also Charing Cross, which has, however, received the popular designation of Trafalgar Square." The Cross was first destroyed, and afterwards called the Square! These, however, are but the peccadilloes of a foreigner; we can forgive them in the presence of such an appalling statement as this:—

It is said that Shakspeare made the acquaintance of Sir John Oldcastle (for so the original of our admirable friend Sir John Falstaff was called) in a tavern in Eastcheap, the "Boar's Head."

What would Mr. Halliwell say to that? It is, in fact, a typical instance of the confusion of which the book is full. The author has heard somewhere that in the original draught of the play Falstaff was called Oldcastle, and that Oldcastle was an historical character. But he has not heard that the real Oldcastle was burnt for Lollardism in Henry IV.'s reign, and that his memory, distorted by the misrepresentations of churchmen, survived in the popular mind as that of one who was partly wizard, partly butt, and partly buffoon. Nothing was more natural than that Shakspeare should work up such a character in his play, and even, till "offence was worthily taken by certain persons descended from Oldcastle's title," that he should give it the name of Oldcastle; but it is giving a little too much credit to the wizardry of the great Lollard to assert that he appeared bodily to Shakspeare, in a tavern in Eastcheap, at the end of the sixteenth century.

We may leave unnoticed the not very original, but still readable, account of the Jews of London, and what the author has to say of Dr. Johnson and of the clubs where English people "dine off silver and Wedgwood." We may in like manner pass over the stories of English highwaymen, supported by appeals to Henry Taine's *History of English Literature*. The last of the essays is called "Autumn on the English Lakes," and for this, with all its blunders and all its sentimentalism, we will, as true lovers of the Lakes, give the author a word of thanks. It is indeed a little painful to the genuine Lakist to be told, in the middle of an account of Windermere, "Here by this lake and under these hills was Wordsworth born, here Southey settled and Coleridge sung." Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, and Southey settled at Keswick; but these are details which may fairly have been invisible from a "German point of view." A good pair of eyes, however, would have saved Herr Rodenberg from calling that highly respectable Georgian dwelling-house, Rydal Hall, "an old castle," or from talking of the waterfalls "running and roaring from the granite" of Kirkstone. In a chapter headed "The Lakes of Cum-

* *England, Literary and Social, from a German Point of View*. By Julius Rodenberg. London: Bentley.

berland" we expected to hear of a little more than Ulleswater, half of which, by the way, is in Westmoreland. Readers of Wordsworth will hardly think it an adequate account of the islets in Windermere to call them "bouquets of flowers in porphyry vases." Even less will they be inclined to agree with the author when he tells them that the Lake poets not only freed English poetry from the formalism of Pope and Dryden, but "prepared the way for the great romantics Byron and Scott." But still he says the right thing about Wordsworth's grave, and our last extract from his book shall be one of which all who in London have remembered Westmoreland must feel the truth:—

My heart is full of a sentiment like home sickness when I think of those days so fair and golden, so sunny and so silent. Then and there, when I sat myself down by that English lake, on one of the mossy stones under the thick chestnuts, in the balmy air of the morning, I had a feeling as if life had no purer joy to offer than such a moment of blessed intoxication and absorption in nature. Then speaks the spirit in us with that spirit which blows in the bloom and whispers in the whisper of the wind.

CLOUGH'S EXISTENCE OF MIXED LANGUAGES.*

WE dealt a few weeks back with a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, who veiled his fellowship under mysterious letters. Here is another member of the same body, who gives his description in full, and who is further "Member of the English Dialect Society; Assistant at Huddersfield College; Late Modern Master at Liverpool College." Our heart would indeed be flinty if we did not sincerely pity those among the youth of Huddersfield and Liverpool who have or have had to get their notions of some important matters from the present Fellow of the Royal Historical Society. We have no very clear idea as to the duties of a "Modern Master"; but we guess that teaching at least the elements of English history may be part of them. Let us try Mr. Clough on that head. Here is a specimen:—

William the Conqueror's enterprising spirit led him to attempt the entire annihilation of the Anglo-Saxon nationality, and consequently of the distinctive feature of that nationality—the Anglo-Saxon tongue. He therefore issued his behest that—

1. The court should employ no language but Norman French.
2. No servant of the State or Church should employ Anglo-Saxon in any legal document.
3. Norman French should be the medium of communication at schools.
4. In the law courts judgment should be given against the suitor who pleaded in Anglo-Saxon, as that argued disaffection to the government;
5. All existing documents in Anglo-Saxon were declared invalid.

Now this is the kind of thing that takes away one's breath. It is hard to believe that statements like these, put forth with such daring assertion and drawn up as if they were extracts from a legal code, are pure fiction and nothing else. Yet so it is; we need not waste words on proving that so it is; everybody who has the faintest knowledge of English history in the eleventh century knows that every word of Mr. Clough's five elaborately drawn propositions is simply fabulous. Whether Mr. Clough devised them for himself or copied them from anybody else we neither know nor care. No doubt the false Ingulf is at the bottom of it all; but Mr. Clough's romance stands to the romance of the false Ingulf in much the same relation in which the romance of the false Ingulf stands to the true history. The Crowland forger, to do him justice, was not nearly so daring in his fictions as the Modern Master of Liverpool College. We do not remember to have ever seen five intelligible statements together in which it is so absolutely impossible to find even a kernel of truth. It is not mere blundering or confusion or misconception; the meaning of each of Mr. Clough's five articles is clear enough; only every one of them is, as we said, pure fiction. William never ordered any one of the five things which Mr. Clough says that he did order. He himself tried to learn English. English alternates with Latin as the language of his public documents; not one of them is in French. No one doubts that French did at that time largely displace English for many purposes; but, so far as it did so, it did so wholly by the natural working of the circumstances of the time, not at all by any legal enactment.

We might, after this, perhaps not unfairly dismiss Mr. Clough altogether, as one who, after such a display as this, is not entitled to a hearing on any matter. We might say, Go back to your Orderic, your Domesday, your Schmid or your Thorpe; turn over your Monasticon; go to the Guildhall of London city, and study the two precious documents of William's day that are there to be seen; and when, by the help of all this, you have learned the A B C of the matter in hand, we may listen to you again. But there are two reasons why we may fairly give Mr. Clough a little more space. First of all, his whole book is not on the same preternatural level of ignorance as this particular passage. Mr. Clough knows more of language itself than he knows of the history of language. His book contains a good many positive mistakes, even in dealing with language proper. We do not see that it contains any new thoughts or new facts. Mr. Clough has clearly not reached the stage which justifies him in acting as a teacher; but he plainly is, in a certain sense, a student. His book is evidently the result of a good deal of mere work, while his new "Leges Wilhelmi" can have been the result of nothing but an

unlucky divination. Secondly, though his whole argument is throughout a fallacy and a misconception, though he clearly does not understand the meaning of the eminent scholars with whom he has so unwise matched himself, yet the state of mind of a man who, with a certain knowledge of facts, is so wholly incapable of using his facts, is in itself a curious study. We know pretty well what to expect when people begin sneering at "the German school"; but to this favourite formula Mr. Clough adds "the modern school," which does not seem to be so acceptable as one might have expected to a modern master. The chief enemies for whose discomfiture Mr. Clough labours are Professor Müller and Dr. Morris. Their chief offence seems to be having denied the possibility of mixed languages. Mr. Clough is very certain that there are mixed languages; above all things is he certain that English is a mixed language. And he is specially angry with anybody who ventures to agree with King Alfred in thinking that the language which he spoke was English. Not at all; there was no English till the twelfth century, when that mixed language arose out of the mixture of Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French. Now we are not aware that Professor Müller has said anything on this last head, though Dr. Morris has said a good deal. Professor Müller has indeed said that English, notwithstanding all foreign infusions, is still essentially Teutonic; but in no part of his writings that we remember has he gone into any controversy as to the nomenclature of the English language. As, therefore, Mr. Clough mentions those two writers, and as we think he does not mention any one else, we suppose that what he disputes against is a general principle laid down by Professor Müller and carried out in a particular application by Dr. Morris. We have all the old fallacies about the number of words in dictionaries, with a new fallacy of Mr. Clough's own:—

To be perfectly fair in these statements no word ought to be counted twice over in the same passage. This would reduce the Teutonic element considerably; for the preponderance is often more apparent than real from the constant repetition of such words as *of, the, a, an, in, on, upon, and, if, but, to, this, that, &c.*

Does not Mr. Clough see that the fact that there are certain words which we cannot write or speak without using over and over again proves that those words are the real essence of the language? French, notwithstanding a large Teutonic infusion, is still Romance, because the words of absolute necessity are Romance. English, notwithstanding a still larger Romance infusion, is still Teutonic, because the words of absolute necessity are Teutonic.

Those who argue in this way are "Teutonists," a "German school," a "modern school." A more excellent way may be learned from Mr. Clough:—

The indirect influence of Latin, in the form of Romance or Neo-Latin, on the language of our Teutonic forefathers has been immeasurable. Under it Anglo-Saxon became a dead language, or, to put it more correctly, the union of Anglo-Saxon with Norman French produced that Anglo-Romance language we call English; hence the propriety of reserving the term "Old English" to the oldest form of this mixture, instead of using it, with the German school, as synonymous with Anglo-Saxon. If it had not been for the Normans we should have remained Germans; if William the Conqueror could have had his way, we should have become Frenchmen; but, thanks to the Norman invasion on the one hand, and to our Teutonic stubbornness on the other, we are neither one nor the other, but English.

After all then we had Teutonic forefathers and Teutonic stubbornness, which is some comfort. But mark the confusion of the word "German." Till we get a definition of it, we cannot say that we are or ever were "Germans" or that we are not. In the sense which the word most commonly bears, we unhesitatingly say that we are not Germans and never were. But the notion that the Norman Conquest turned Germans into English would have seemed very strange to the men of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and to none stranger than to the great King who, instead of trying to turn us into Frenchmen, did what little he could, under his very unfavourable circumstances, to turn himself into an Englishman. Now, as for "Anglo-Saxon" becoming a "dead language," here again are misleading expressions. What is a "dead language"? Many people would call Greek a dead language. Yet no language is more truly living. It has changed very greatly, but there is no break between its oldest and its latest form. So it is with English; its oldest form, like the oldest form of every other existing language, is now unintelligible without special study. But there is no break between the oldest form and the latest. In the case both of Greek and of English the personal identity of the tongue has been kept on through all change. It has taken in a vast number of foreign words and even of foreign idioms; but that does not affect the unbroken existence of the language. To say that a new language called English was formed by the mixture of two others is simply historically false. The great period of change in the English language, the time when English was most affected by French, takes in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. But, at any moment within those centuries, there were two tongues side by side, English and French, known at any moment by those names. English was largely affected by French; French was in a less degree affected by English; English in the end displaced French. A distinct tongue with—so to speak—a personal being of its own displaced another tongue with another personal being of its own. But there was no time when a tongue called English displaced another tongue called Anglo-Saxon. Very great changes were made in an existing language; but there was no change from one language to another, no substitution of one language for another.

This is, we conceive, pretty much what Professor Müller and

* *On the Existence of Mixed Languages; being an Examination of the Fundamental Axioms of the Foreign School of Modern Philology, more especially as applied to the English. Prize Essay by James Creswell Clough. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.*

Dr. Morris mean when they say that there is no such thing as a mixed language, and when they specially deny that English is a mixed language. They mean that those languages which have received the greatest infusion from foreign sources—modern English for instance, or modern Ottoman Turkish—were not formed as something new by mixing two or more equal elements, but that the foreign infusion came in bit by bit into a previously existing tongue, changing its character in many ways, but in no way changing its personality. Supposing that in the modern Turkish vocabulary the Arabic and Persian words outnumber the genuine Turkish words; supposing that, along with the Arabic and Persian words, many Arabic and Persian idioms have come in, still they have all come in; they have been received one by one; they have been adopted into an existing body; they have not joined with other elements to form a new body. There was no time when mixed Turkish was substituted for unmixed Turkish, any more than there was a time when "English" was substituted for "Anglo-Saxon." The case of Greek, to which we referred just now, is not quite parallel; that of the Romance languages is still less so. It would be easy to point out several important differences between their development and the development of modern English; but one is enough for our present purpose. Modern English never supplanted Old-English; French, though it grew out of Latin, did, for some purposes, actually supplant Latin. There was no time when Mr. Clough calls "English" and what he calls "Anglo-Saxon" existed side by side in England as written or spoken languages; but from the tenth century Latin and French have existed side by side in France. To point out all the analogies and all the differences between the two cases would need a long essay; but here is one of the most important.

This, then, we take to be what the two writers whom Mr. Clough argues against mean when they say that there is no such thing as a mixed language. It is at any rate what we should mean by saying so. The process which formed modern English or modern Turkish is not the production of a third language by the mixture of two; it is simply the modification of one language by another, both continuing to exist, and no new language taking the place of either. Mr. Clough clearly does not understand the true nature of the points against which he is arguing, when he thinks that it proves anything against the points of Professor Müller and Dr. Morris to show how very large the foreign infusion is in certain cases. Mistaken as his argument is, he shows more knowledge of detail than could have been looked for in company with such an astounding exhibition as that with which we began. But there are some odd things too in the purely philosophical way. We will take two or three only. Every one knows that in Old-English there were many ways of forming the plural, of which that in *s*, one of the most usual, perhaps the most usual, has in modern English all but driven out the rest. This is in Mr. Clough's eyes a sign that our grammar is mixed. His saying on the matter is curious:—

The Anglo-Saxon way of forming the plural has already been mentioned. The usual form was in *-n* or *-en*, and the plural in *-as* was represented by an irregular declension of but few words. The Romance plural in *-s* arose from the characteristic consonant in the Latin plural dative, accusative, and ablative, and from the French has been adopted into English. Thus every word of Saxon origin in our language may be regarded as a hybrid when changed into the plural in *-s*, e.g. *lads, thieves, tubs*.

One of the surest signs that our grammar is not mixed is that, when we adopt a foreign verb, we still inflect it as if it were a native. In this Mr. Clough strangely sees a sign of mixed grammar:—

Verbs are usually the most conservative words of a language, and in English they present no exception to this general rule. Nevertheless Norman French influence can be traced even here. Thus every verb of foreign root is not only a hybrid, but also a mixture of grammar when added to a Teutonic inflection by way of conjugation; thus, *transcrib-est, transcrib-eth, transcribes, transcrib-ad, transcrib-ed, transcrib-ing*.

Lastly Mr. Clough tells us that "the double negative of the Londoners is also regarded as a French innovation." Now every one who has read the *Chronicles* must know that the double negative is as familiar in Old-English as it is in Greek, while in French there is, in grammatical strictness, no double negative at all.

Certainly neither Professor Müller nor Dr. Morris need fear the upsetting of his facts or his arguments by the late Modern Master of Liverpool College.

EMERSON'S LETTERS AND SOCIAL AIMS.*

THERE are people, we believe, who complain of Mr. Emerson's writing that it is fanciful and rambling, and does not teach one anything in particular. This comes of want of knowledge or want of understanding—of want of the true nature of the *Essay*, of the beginnings of essay-writing, and its proper place in literature; of want of understanding, inasmuch as they plainly cannot tell what is good for them. Historically speaking, such caprices as Mr. Emerson allows himself are more than abundantly justified by the example of the father of Essays, whom he has avowedly taken for one of his favourite authors. Many writers have rambled well or ill in the last three centuries, but none has ever come near to the rambling of Montaigne. Mr. Emerson's flights and digressions are nothing to it, though in the general shaping and conduct of an essay he is

less remote from that first exemplar than most modern writers. As to the other point, one might ask those disappointed ones who profess to come away empty, what it really was that they went out to find? Do men expect to gather rules and propositions from the shining of the sun and the running of water, or to come home stored with axioms from a walk on the first fine day of spring? But instructive discourse, in the minds and mouths of not a few who might know better, stands not for that which makes a man wiser or happier, but for that which gives him certain words and sentences which he may conveniently repeat without understanding them, and thereby seem the wiser to others. And it must be confessed that in this last kind of instruction Mr. Emerson's writings are sadly poor, indeed merely bankrupt. The hucksters of moral commonplaces would vainly try to draw upon him for any of the cut-and-dry smatterings which are the capital of their trade. His work is not of the stuff that one can clip scarlet patches from. The matter and the form are inseparable, as one finds them in the best talk. One tries to write down afterwards the points and sayings of a brilliant converser, and finds them shrunk and shrivelled in the process. There was something in the talk itself that would not be fixed, and the written note is only useful in the way of association, as a spur to memory and a token to call back the living charm. Those short words of Dr. Johnson's, "Sir, we had good talk," express a high form of happiness; yet how difficult it is to show the grounds of the assertion when it is met with the most natural question, as it seems, "And what did you talk about?" So it is when we read Mr. Emerson at his best. He produces the effect of conversation rather than of literature; his thoughts are spoken out for the stirring of kindred thought rather than written down for learning.

One could hardly expect, of course, to find in this volume the full vigour of Mr. Emerson's former work. It makes, however, a pleasant companion to that which he gave us a few years ago under the name of *Society and Solitude*, and stands pretty much on the same footing. The enthusiastic and almost mystical ardour of his earlier essays is softened into a more genial and equable warmth; but if he sometimes walks where he would once have soared, his path fails not to be illuminated by the same bright and far-reaching imagination as of old. More than once in this book he shows himself eminent in one branch of imaginative faculty which is much to be prized in these days, and of whose rarity one hears or is disposed to utter complaints; the faculty, namely, of assimilating some way of looking at the world which results from modern work in philosophy or science, and reproducing it in a gnomic or poetical form which gives it the literary stamp, and hands it on as a possession for the world of letters and culture. This is a thing which men of science may do, and in fact often do very well; but they do it, not as belonging to their own-work, but in so far as they are also men of letters and culture; and it is a task in which they may justly call on pure literature to meet them half way. Here is one example, a sentence short enough, and leaning towards paradox at first sight, but in truth the clarified and crystallized result of we know not how much discussion of the theory of perception, the formation of general ideas, the growth and uses of language, and the like:—"The world is thoroughly anthropomorphized, as if it had passed through the body and mind of man, and taken his mould and form." Where he found a number of conclusions and hypotheses belonging to more or less special branches of knowledge, and expressible in more or less technical terms, Mr. Emerson has left a universal and portable aphorism. The desire of putting things in a summary way is indeed not without its dangers. Few general propositions, at least in such matters as these essays deal with, can safely be taken without a grain of salt; but there are some here which would leave none to spare for their neighbours, and yet never be seasoned enough. "Observe that all poetry is written in the oldest and simplest English words," says Mr. Emerson, meaning to give a precept in itself thoroughly sound—namely, to use the old and simple words when there is no special reason for using others. But where shall we observe what he bids us? Not in Shakespeare and his fellows, revelling as they did in richness of word-store; certainly not in Milton, certainly not in most of our living poets, and not easily in those of the generations between. Chaucer and Wordsworth are the only two names of the first rank that give any solid support to Mr. Emerson's proposition, and even they not without drawbacks. Again, Mr. Emerson denies offhand that beasts or birds do anything ridiculous. We are loth to believe either that kittens and puppies never play in America, or that, if they do, it is thought unworthy of a wise man to laugh at them. And, besides these familiar instances, there are certain animals which have been not unaptly said to be made for fun—"cheerful queeresses," as George Eliot's poem calls them. A little further on Mr. Emerson excellently says that "the perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity, and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves"; and we do confess that we should somewhat mistrust, if we knew no more against him, the fellowship of a man who could stand wholly unmoved at the sight of the penguin or the armadillo. There is another curious assertion, though not a general one, about poets:—"Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, were very conscious of their responsibilities." As to Wordsworth this rests on ample proofs; as to Milton on proofs enough; but as to Shakespeare one might seek a long while. The fact is that in this passage Mr. Emerson almost lays down consciousness of a sort of prophetic gift as one of the things needful for a

* *Letters and Social Aims.* By Ralph Waldo Emerson. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

great poet, and so he could not anyhow leave out Shakspeare. But, after all, no harm can be done by large statements thrown out in this manner, save to those who bring it on themselves by taking for dogmas what are given as hints. The end of writing of this kind is to make people look and think for themselves, and it is then not least successful when it excites a critical reaction in the reader's mind.

Another quality which plays a large part in the wholesome and stimulating effect of Mr. Emerson's discussions is his constant freshness—a word which we use rather than originality, not only because it is plainer and shorter, but because one of the essays in this very book expressly undertakes to show that originality, in any strict sense, does not exist, and would be a very poor thing if it did. The distinction between fancy and imagination had been wholly worked out, as one would think, in Wordsworth's well-known exposition; but we find here a couple of brilliant paragraphs which lose nothing by coming after Wordsworth. How threadbare, again, are the uses of friendship as a topic for essay-writers! yet even on this Mr. Emerson has a word to say that we are glad to hear. The true friend is "somebody who can make us do what we can." A like idea is developed in the essay on "Inspiration," where he justly speaks of conversation as the right metaphysical professor and the true school of philosophy. One often has occasion to notice how strong the historical sense is in cultivated Americans, how frankly they regret the want of monuments and antiquities. But it has been left for Mr. Emerson to strike out a delightfully novel consolation:—

We confess that in America everything looks new and recent. Our towns are still rude,—the make-shifts of emigrants,—and the whole architecture tent-like, when compared with the monumental solidity of mediæval and primeval remains in Europe and Asia. But geology has effaced these distinctions. Geology, a science of forty or fifty summers, has had the effect to throw an air of novelty and mushroom speed over entire history. The oldest empires,—what we called venerable antiquity,—now that we have true measures of duration, show like creations of yesterday. 'T is yet quite too early to draw sound conclusions. The old six thousand years of chronology become a kitchen clock,—no more a measure of time than an hour-glass or an egg-glass,—since the duration of geologic periods has come into view.

In personal affairs it is indeed a commonplace of comfort that life is short at best; but the application of it on this grand scale is almost an invention. That the writer himself fully shares the historic feeling and rejoices in the historical associations of civilization is shown by the language he holds elsewhere of the middle ages:—

In modern Europe, the Middle Ages were called the Dark Ages. Who dares to call them so now? They are seen to be the feet on which we walk, the eyes with which we see. 'T is one of our triumphs to have reinstated them. Their Dante and Alfred and Wickliffe and Abelard and Bacon; their Magna Charta, decimal numbers, mariner's compass, gunpowder, glass, paper, and clocks; chemistry, algebra, astronomy; their Gothic architecture, their painting,—are the delight and tuition of ours.

Yet Mr. Emerson sometimes passes for a mere visionary with those who have never really read him, and who also call him sentimental. Those who still have to learn the difference between sentiment, the truth, and sentimentalism, the falsehood, will find it perfectly set forth in a passage near the end of the essay on "Social Aims." On our side of the Atlantic also we have too many talkers whom Mr. Emerson's words will fit:—"They adopt whatever merit is in good repute, and almost make it hateful with their praise. The warmer their expressions, the colder we feel; we shiver with cold."

We might go on collecting and commenting much longer, and we had noted various points of which we have said nothing. But we choose for further mention only one somewhat remarkable matter of opinion. It is commonly thought in this country that the increase of reading and writing and cheap newspapers has much abated the importance of public speaking; and it has been openly said that the only use of speeches in Parliament nowadays is to be reported for the satisfaction of the constituencies. Mr. Emerson takes an entirely different view:—"If there ever was a country where eloquence was a power," he says, "it is in the United States," where the case for writing as against speaking is even stronger than it is here. He defines eloquence, however, as "the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak," which, as making no provision for style, may be thought too wide.

To say anything of Mr. Emerson's own style is at this time needless. Like his thought, it is all his own, and suits him. But the use of one or two words calls for notice. We find "socialist," in a good or neutral sense, for one who studies the wants of society; this is better than the barbarous "sociologist," but why not keep "politics" and "politician" in their old extensive meaning? And to one phrase we must take distinct exception; "a great style of hero" is one of the bad sort of Americanisms against which we are bound to protest to the last, even when they come to us under cover of Mr. Emerson's authority.

CHESS.

IT is a well-known remark that imaginative poetry is the expression, in a veiled and figurative manner, of those emotions

* *Cheess: Theory and Practice; containing the Laws and History of the Game, together with an Analysis of the Openings, and a Treatise on End-Games.* By the late Howard Staunton. Edited by Robert B. Wormald. London: Virtue & Co. 1876.

which have been debarred by the force of circumstance from their natural and primary expression in the world of reality. In a similar manner it may be said of chess, that it is the mode in which the intellectual temperament of a military strategist expresses itself when debarred by circumstance from the opportunity of exercising itself in its primary manner of directing the movements of armies. A chessplayer is, if we may so put it, one-third of a general. A great general must have three qualities in strong development—bodily vigour, strength of nerve, and strength of intellect. A great chessplayer need not have bodily vigour at all; and though no man can quite get along without nervous power, this quality is much less needful, we should say, for a chessplayer than for a whist-player. For it is the unforeseen strokes of chance that try the nerves most keenly; and chance has a large field in whist, but a very small field in chess. But intellectual strength in its highest development can find ample room and scope for itself within the limits of the chessboard. Indeed, if we except the higher mathematics, we hardly know any form of human effort which equals chess as a test and measure of pure brain-power. It is one of the very few employments in which the human understanding is exercised in a simple unadulterated form, and physical and moral qualities sink into a subordinate position. It is of course apparent from this that serious labour is needed for a man to become a great chessplayer; and while the friends of chess have argued from this that it ought to be elevated to the rank of a science, its enemies have argued that at any rate it must be excluded from the sphere of amusements. But, to our mind, neither of these estimates is right. Chess is intrinsically an amusement, a relaxation; it is a diversion of the mind from the cares and troubles of life; it may sometimes happen, but it is an absolutely unnecessary consequence, that it should exhaust the mind which is exercised on it. The mental toil of a chessplayer, like the bodily toil of a cricket-player, is within due limits a source of refreshment and not of fatigue. The real value of chess, as of all amusements, lies in its supplying food for certain faculties which are capable of being exercised at times when the other faculties need repose. Moral tension is put off for a season and the brain is improved. On the other hand, to reckon chess among the sciences is to forget that every science is a link in the great chain of universal knowledge, and is connected by a thousand subtle ties with the other links of that chain. This is emphatically not true of chess; its value is simply in its reflex, not in its direct, results; an evident gap severs it from the world of reality.

We have before us a fascinating and beautiful treatise on this game, entitled *Cheess: Theory and Practice*, by the late Mr. Howard Staunton, well known in his day as the first of English, and almost of European, players. Of such a work it is almost needless to say that it brings the student of chess up to the latest discoveries in the theory of the game, according to the estimate of the most competent judges. It is also noticeable for an historical account of the rise and development of chess, characterized by greater fulness than any similar account that we remember to have seen. Chess, according to Mr. Staunton, has been practised for a length of time, and over a portion of the earth's surface, quite without parallel in the case of any other game, and almost unrivalled in the case of any human art whatever. Dr. Forbes, we are told, "has discovered in Hindoo literature, dating three thousand years before the Christian epoch, the description of a game which manifestly represents, in a primitive form, the modern game of chess." It has been played from time immemorial, not only among the Hindoos, but among the Arabs, Persians, and Chinese. "Under the celebrated Caliphs of Bagdad"—our old favourite Haroun-al-Raschid among the rest—"the game flourished to a degree almost unexampled." Among great conquerors, Timur was an enthusiast for chess, and bestowed conspicuous honour on the players of it. The chessmen of Charlemagne are still preserved in the abbey of St. Denis. "Much that is interesting," remarks Mr. Staunton, "might be said if there were space in this sketch to say it, on the present condition of the game in Abyssinia, Syria, Arabia, Egypt, Persia, Hindostan, the islands of the Pacific, China, and other parts of Asia." It may be supposed that within these wide limits of space and time some variations have taken place in the manner of playing; these are duly noticed by Mr. Staunton, and problems illustrative of them are given from the Arabic and Persian authorities; but, on the whole, they are very slight. Let it be considered what vast differences have taken place in the development of almost every other pursuit or faculty of man during much smaller intervals—in language, music, architecture—and the phenomenon in question will appear a curious one. A story illustrative of one of the Persian problems (in which the Bishop can move only to the third square along the diagonal in any direction, but can spring over an intervening piece—a custom still preserved in Abyssinia) is quoted by Mr. Staunton, and is so pretty a one that we reproduce it here:—

Two Persian princes were playing at chess, and the one who had the White men offered his favourite wife, Dilaram, as his stake upon the game. The contest had nearly reached its end, when the player who had risked the lady on the issue was threatened with checkmate next move, unless he could find some remedy. As he hesitated in the agony of despair, Dilaram, who had eagerly watched the combat from behind the screen of gauze which separated male from female in Eastern households, cried out, "Sacrifice, O prince, your Rooks, and save Dilaram; forward with your Bishop and your Pawn, and with the Knight deal death!" The position which illustrates this favourite story is still known throughout the East as Dilaram's Mate.

The position in question is one of much ingenuity, though not

equal in difficulty to the generality of modern problems. It is observable that the military affinities of chess, on which we have commented, appear not only in the early legends as to the invention of the game (which represent it as invented to amuse the tedium of a besieged monarch, or of soldiers engaged in a difficult march), but in the names of the pieces. The King and the Knight speak for themselves; the Queen was originally the Farzin, the King's counsellor, and received her present appellation nearly eleven hundred years ago, from the Empress Irene; the Rook was the Roka or war ship of the Hindeos; the Pawn is connected with Podata, Pedes, a foot-soldier; the Bishop alone is of more uncertain derivation.

A comparison of the present volume of Mr. Staunton's with his *Chessplayer's Handbook*, originally published in 1847, will give a good idea of the progress of the theory of chess in the last thirty years. The most important novelties introduced during that time are three; first, the much greater development of the Evans Gambit; secondly, the defence, in the King's Bishop's Gambit, of the King's Knight being played to the Bishop's third square, by the second player, at his third move; and, lastly, the introduction of the "Vienna Opening," in which the first player moves the Queen's Knight out at his second move. Of these three changes the first-mentioned is by far the most important. The Evans Gambit is the most remarkable discovery made in chess during the present century; but, highly as it was esteemed in 1847, the brilliancy of this opening has received (through the labours of Messrs. Fraser and Mortimer and others) vast additional illustration since that time. In 1847 all that Staunton says of it is:—

This ingenious and interesting variation . . . has deservedly attained a high degree of favour among players of all classes from the period of its introduction.

Far more glowing are the terms employed by him in the present volume:—

Of all the openings of which chess is susceptible, the Evans Gambit is the most interesting. Its combinations are more varied and more beautiful, the opportunities it affords for brilliant attack and scientific defence are more abundant than in any other *début* yet invented.

Without questioning that Staunton is right here, we must confess that we regret to see that beautiful opening, the King's Bishop's Gambit, reckoned as inferior to any other mode of attack known in chess. And, in point of fact, when Staunton comes to deal with the King's Bishop's Gambit, he apparently considers it as even the most intricate of all chess combinations. For he says:—

Upon no opening in the game of chess, not excepting even the famous Evans Gambit, have analysts lavished so much labour as upon the King's Bishop's Gambit. But as in commentaries upon some great classic the business of one annotator is to destroy the toil of his predecessor, so in chess openings every analyst endeavours to upset the conclusions arrived at before him. The result in the present instance is very perplexing. No one appears to have positively settled, even to his own satisfaction, whether this Gambit can be advantageously adopted by the first player. According to some authorities, the attack has the best of the fight; according to others, the superiority rests with the defence. The main cause of this uncertainty is the inconceivable variety of combinations to which the opening gives birth. A volume of considerable magnitude might be filled indeed with the variations springing from the first half-dozen moves.

But in point of fact the new defence of the King's Knight to the Bishop's third square in this Gambit has tended rather to obscure than to increase its lustre. The classical defence, or rather counter attack, in which the second player's Queen checked at the third move, was striking in the highest degree, because it presented the spectacle of a double attack of the sharpest kind going on, each side being more engaged in assaulting his adversary than in defending himself. Nor is it yet ascertained that this is not even now the best mode of defence in this Gambit. But the new defence is the "safer" line; less daring, less hazardous, and less beautiful. The "Vienna Opening," the third novelty in the theory of chess to which we have referred, is one of fair, but not of extraordinary, interest.

It is to our mind a surprising thing, considering the intellectual power that has been bestowed on the theory of chess, that what are termed the "irregular openings" should have been comparatively so little analysed. Indeed the term "irregular openings" may justly seem a misnomer; for why should the advance on both sides of the King's Pawn two squares at the first move be held to be so absolutely the rule as to make every other mode of beginning the game (with the exception of the Queen's Gambit) abnormal? And when it is considered that two of these "irregular openings"—namely, the Sicilian Game and the French Game—are by the best authorities held to be superior strategy on the part of the second player to the customary reply of King's Pawn two squares, the imperfect consideration that has been given to them seems more unaccountable than ever. There can, however, be no doubt that these openings are obtaining more and more notice; and they make it clear that chess theory has still a long era of expansion, before (if ever) it attains its final consummation. There seems really no reason for thinking that the Sicilian or the French opening will prove less fertile in interesting positions than what is held to be the regular game, numberless as the developments of this latter are.

Before taking leave of Mr. Staunton's book, we must call the attention of the editor, Mr. Wormald, to the only blot which impairs its merits; and that is, the extraordinary number of misprints to be found in its pages. It is to be hoped that these will be removed before another edition comes out. At present it looks as if the text had really not been cor-

rected at all. As examples (though we have noted many more) we may instance the diagrams in pages 184 and 323, in the former of which the White Queen's Bishop's Pawn has no business to be on the board, in the latter the Black Queen's Knight is misplaced; the words "and Black resigned," in page 132, which clearly ought to be "and White resigned;" the similar words, "and Black wins," in page 136, which ought to be "and White wins;" and in page 134, at the 19th move of the White in Game VII., it is evidently the White Bishop, and not the White Pawn, that is intended to take the Black Bishop. This last is a misprint that might cause some perplexity; for it is not till the 28th move of the White that it can be conclusively shown to be a misprint. The game in question is one between De Labourdonnais and Macdonnell; and we have another reason for referring to it here, for the 23rd move in the game supplies, if we are not mistaken, an instance of an oversight rarely to be found in players of such distinction. The advance at that move of the White King's Bishop's Pawn gives Black an opportunity of forking the White Queen and Rook by placing his Knight at his King's sixth square. It is equally extraordinary that such an opportunity should have been given by Macdonnell, and that it should not have been taken by De Labourdonnais. After the best study we have been able to give to the position, we are unable to see how White could possibly have extricated himself after the loss of his Rook in exchange for the Knight, which would have been the inevitable consequence of the move that we have named. We commend the point to Mr. Wormald's attention. But, indeed, the whole game is somewhat carelessly played on both sides, and, except as an encouraging instance to tyros that even *bonus Homerus aliquando dormitat*, is hardly worthy of its position in the book. And, lastly, to give one more suggestion, if a few chess problems had been added at the end of the book, the bulk of it would not have been materially increased, while its interest would have been augmented. However, as it stands, the book is undeniably a very important addition to the literature of the game.

LETTERS AND PAPERS OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.*

NEARLY three years have elapsed since we directed the attention of our readers to the important documents analysed in the second part of this ponderous volume of State Papers, ranging over the seven years from 1524 to 1530 inclusive. (See *Saturday Review* for May 24 and June 21, 1873.) We then expected to have an earlier opportunity of recurring to the subject of the divorce of Catharine of Aragon, which occupies so conspicuous a place in the complications of the history of the period. The second part of the so-called fourth volume, itself consisting of 1,200 well-filled pages, reached only to the end of 1528, and we were wondering how the papers of the remaining two years, down to the conclusion of 1530, could be squeezed, together with the editor's preface and the usual index, into a volume of any ordinary dimensions. But Mr. Brewer has solved this difficulty for us by issuing his Introduction to the period in a separate volume by itself. Accordingly the volume which we proceed to notice contains no documents or other additions to the Introduction, with the exception of six pages of appendix, in which the reader will find printed at length two letters discovered by Mr. Stevenson in the Vatican Archives, which came to hand too late to be inserted in their proper chronological order in the forthcoming and concluding part of this fourth volume. They are written in Italian, and almost entirely in cipher; but though they have for the most part been deciphered by the ingenuity of Mr. Gairdner, who has rendered such important assistance in the whole course of the publication of these State Papers, parts of them remain still unintelligible, as the deciphered words required again a second process of deciphering, which rests upon mere conjecture, and other symbols have been introduced which it seems must be assigned to the head of *nihil importanter*, and appear to have been inserted merely to mislead any who should attempt to interpret them.

The Introduction to this volume then differs in one respect from the brilliant pieces of historical writing which have been prefixed to the three previously published volumes. It has anticipated the forthcoming and concluding part of the volume, and we are obliged to take upon trust all the remarks that refer to the last two years of the period which ends with the death of Wolsey, November 29, 1529. We probably shall not have to wait long for the publication of the vouchers for those two years; and certainly we cannot affect to regret their temporary absence on any other ground than that the references to State Papers not yet published excite our curiosity with regard to documents which are evidently of the highest importance, and as yet entirely unknown in the literary world. Mr. Brewer has not only anticipated his own concluding part, but also tantalizes us by several allusions to a forthcoming volume of Spanish papers which will contain very curious matter, and the sheets of which have, we suppose, been submitted to his inspection as they passed through the press.

There are many points of minor importance—nay, perhaps some

* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII. preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England. Arranged and Catalogued by J. S. Brewer, M.A., under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State. Vol. IV. Introduction and Appendix. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.*

which will be thought to rise above that level—which the editor has been obliged to leave unnoticed. On affairs strictly ecclesiastical—the progress of the Reformation, the dissemination of Tyndale's translation of the New Testament, and the influence exercised over English minds by Tyndale's Calvinistic opinions, if a term involving such an anachronism may be allowed—Mr. Brewer is almost silent. Such topics belong to a later period, and he has done little more than point out what is so much forgotten, the difference between the Protestantism of Henry VIII's reign and that of his daughter Elizabeth. Neither shall we say anything more about the tenets of the men of the new learning during this reign, with the exception of reminding our readers that the *Lutheranism* which statesmen and ecclesiastics so much dreaded was for the most part merely a form of Zwinglianism which Luther would have disowned with the same impetuosity with which, a few years before, he had attacked the indulgences offered for sale by the Dominican friar Tetzel.

The salient points of history discussed in this Introduction are of course the capture of Francis I, the sack of Rome, the divorce of Catharine of Aragon, and the fall of Wolsey. The first two of these subjects relate to the documents in the two previously published parts of the volume which we have already reviewed, and accordingly we pass on to the last two. As regards the former of these, we may observe that there is now before the world, or at least will be as soon as the next volume of the Spanish Calendar appears, and Mr. Brewer has completed the third part of his fourth volume, all that will ever be known of the commencement of the history of the divorce. On the precise date of the origin of the King's scruples about his marriage the editor wisely declines giving an opinion, confining himself to the observation that it could scarcely have been known to the King himself. The earliest allusion in point of fact made to it in any original document is the expression "istud benedictum divortium" in Clerk's letter to Wolsey from Paris, dated September 13, 1526. These words, which imply that negotiations of some kind had taken place in the matter, are sufficient in themselves to destroy the fiction which has so long passed current among historians of the period, that the idea of the illegitimacy of the Princess Mary was first put into the King's head by the Bishop of Tarbes, when proposals for her marriage with Francis were being entertained. The date of this letter is several months prior to the arrival of the Bishop in England. So the King's scruples did not originate in this way. Neither is it in the least likely that any such objection was ever raised, as, if it had been, it would most certainly have been referred to in some of the documents in this volume. It seems to have been a pure invention devised by Wolsey and the King in order to give some colour to subsequent proceedings in the case of the divorce. It is, however, conceivable, though in the highest degree improbable, that the Bishop of Tarbes may have heard of the King's pretended scruples, which began about this time to be talked about; the chief difficulty in denying the truth of the whole story consisting in the improbability of the King and Wolsey inventing it and venturing to propagate it, supposing it to have no foundation whatever. The story of the suggestion coming first from Wolsey through Longland, the King's confessor, Mr. Brewer thinks is entitled to as little credit, though the denial of it by the King and the Cardinal in the legatine court is by no means conclusive of the point. Longland's denial of the accuracy of this statement is worth very little more, and, though stated by Harpsfield in his MS. treatise (Eyston Copy, Book ii., p. 94) it evidently was not deemed by him to be at all conclusive on the matter. Who originated it, it may not be easy to say, but it was industriously propagated by two of Wolsey's bitterest enemies, Tyndale and Polydore Vergil.

It is from this point that Mr. Brewer begins his masterly analysis of the infamous plot conducted by Henry and his cunning paramour, Anne Boleyn, assisted by all the diplomatic power of the Cardinal and the cringing assiduity of others whose interest it was to side with the King against a defenceless woman whose misfortune was that, of all the five children she had borne to the King, daughter only survived to inherit his crown. Not that we hear much of the convenient plea of expediency that there was no male heir to the throne. This plea, indeed, appears in its proper place, as urged by the King and his counsellors as a reason why the Pope should annul the dispensation for the marriage of Henry with Catharine. But, unluckily for Mr. Froude and the theory of self-sacrifice for the good of the nation—unluckily, too, for the apology for the King in the misfortune of all his relations with women—the whole story of the infatuation for Anne Boleyn, with all the lying, the diplomacy, the chicanery, and effrontery which were brought to bear upon the case, is detailed in the clearest way, and the vouchers for the whole story are to be found by looking into the documents, from the facts of which there is no possible escape. It would have swelled the volume to an inordinate size if its editor had gone minutely into many of the circumstances which still further aggravate the case. He has wisely abstained from many particulars which would have strengthened an argument which is entirely complete without them. And so we have here no discussion of the subject of the virginity of Catharine when she married her second husband, and no defence of the genuineness of the breve which no one can any longer doubt was really issued by Pope Julius II., the allegation of which formed so important an element in the trial. And, again, the connexion of the King with Anne Boleyn's elder sister Mary

is only cursorily referred to. In the mass of materials ready to his hand it must have been difficult for Mr. Brewer to make his selection, and so interesting is the whole story that we can only regret that he had to make a selection. For these and other points into which he was precluded from entering possess almost as much interest as those which he has dwelt upon in his endeavour to illustrate the characters of the chief actors in the drama. Of course the principal actor in all the transactions of the first twenty years of the reign was the great Cardinal of York, but of him we must take another opportunity of speaking. He is the real hero of the volume, if what is history, and not fiction, can be said to have a hero. And if Mr. Brewer's estimate of Wolsey is altogether different from those of previous historians, it is open to any one to criticize it with the help of the documents from the careful study of which he has drawn his picture.

As regards the King, he has drawn his portrait with considerable exactness, and undoubtedly he has not been tempted by the ridiculous and extravagant delineations of the character by Mr. Froude to go into the opposite extreme of undue disparagement. Indeed there is almost a parade of his better qualities, side by side with the dark traits which characterize nearly the whole of the period embraced in this volume. A Roman Catholic historian such as Dr. Lingard might well be excused for representing the degeneration of the character of the King as the consequence of his rupture with the Pope; but Mr. Brewer's volume has not reached that period yet, and there is enough of fraud and deceit and brutality detailed in this earlier part of the history to enable any one to judge how the passion for Anne Boleyn was gradually over-mastering all the better parts of his nature. To this change in the character of Henry we think Mr. Brewer has scarcely done justice in the remarks that he appends to the history of the appointment of the Abbess of Wilton in 1528, which had been made by Wolsey in opposition to Henry's declared wish. The very letter on the subject written by Henry to Anne Boleyn, alleging that he could not in conscience nominate a woman accused of ungodly demeanour, at the very time that he was contemplating, if not actually living in, an incestuous connexion with his mistress, shows with what hypocrisy he could express his abhorrence of wickedness; and it is no wonder, therefore, that he could put on the semblance of magnanimity in forgiving Wolsey for his transgressions, whilst the very same sentence is concluded with the words, "trusting hereafter you shall recompense that with a thing much more acceptable to me," i.e. the completion of the divorce from Catharine.

After quoting the material parts of both letters, Mr. Brewer continues:—

It is strange that sentiments so generous, manly, and noble should have emanated from the same pen as the letters to Anne Boleyn. Stranger still is it, that side by side with convictions so admirable and so king-like of what was just, candid, and sincere, there should be found the most ignoble deceit, oppression, and falsehood wherever Katharine was concerned. Must we then think that the fountain sends forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? that, in mockery of our small notions of heroes and hero-worship, such is the frailty and inconsistency of human nature, such its defiance of all human rules and calculations?

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused,
Still by itself abused or disabused!

To none certainly were the poet's words more applicable than to Henry VIII. He was no saint, no hero; yet not without a manly sense of what was saintly and heroic, as his letter shows; and utterly free from the sickly religious sentiment and introspective Puritanism of later times.—P. ccxci. It is true that the sweating sickness was raging violently, and the King, who was daily making his confession, may by this time have half persuaded himself that he had right on his side; but it must have been a very seared conscience which allowed him to petition the Pope for a divorce from his brother's virgin widow in favour of the sister of a woman who had lived with him as his mistress. Yet *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, and he was still able to express himself in language which would better have become his younger years, when, whatever may have been his faults and excesses, he will at least bear favourable comparison with contemporary monarchs. Mr. Brewer is describing the King in his transition state. He has yet to chronicle the details of a life which, whatever other faults it may have been free from, was entirely under the dominion of cruelty, lust, and avarice.

The reader will perhaps expect something to be said of the Archbishop who completed this disgraceful transaction at the Court of Dunstable. But Mr. Brewer appears to treat Cranmer with the contempt which he deserves, scarcely noticing him except to excuse the nefarious proceedings of the Court which pronounced the final decision in the case, on the ground that the other judges of the day would have done the same. Perhaps so. But that will hardly satisfy the admirers of the memory of Thomas Cranmer, who has been so absurdly styled the "first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury."

(To be continued.)

MY YOUNG ALCIDES.*

MISS YONGE introduces her *Young Alcides* to the reader in a tone of depreciation and apology. "Ideas have a tyrannous power of insisting on being worked out." She could not help herself

* *My Young Alcides.* By Charlotte M. Yonge. London: Macmillan. 1876.

in this case. We have no doubt that this describes truly the command which fancy, habitually obeyed, obtains over the pen of fluent writers of fiction—of those who sincerely love their work, who find it easy, and also find readers. All suggestions of the fancy or imagination bring a sense of inspiration with them. An idea must be worked out. The working out follows inevitably upon the conception. It is in vain that the critic interposes and enjoins waiting, refreshing the worn fancy by rest and suspension of labour. Such rest is not, it would seem, compatible with the faculty of storytelling. In vulgar terms, a novel-writer must have a novel always upon the stocks. But if the pen is thus the slave of fancy, fancy in its turn may become the slave of habit. Use makes that easy which was once an effort of the whole mind. More labour of thinking, we may observe, as well as keener flash of fancy, goes to the early productions of an imaginative writer. Later on the work may almost be said to do itself. The pen knows the road to its end.

We are bound to admit, then, the necessity which domineers over the novelist—that is, the successful novelist confident of readers. Probably many a tale is elaborated simply because it stops the way, and it is less trouble to follow it out than to turn it aside. But in the present case we cannot be sure what the ideas were which must be worked out. A mind so busy and ingenious as Miss Yonge's could not see a new vein struck out without sympathy, and that sympathy must needs take an active form. Miss Thackeray's fairy tales modernized were too successful an experiment not to stimulate a generous emulation. But the author of the *Heir of Redcliffe* has a mind romantic indeed, but essentially didactic. She instructs by pleasing. She would neither condescend blindly to imitate, nor would modern Cinderellas and Sleeping Beauties excite her invention. Such pretty inutilities, as she must think them, wake no response. In one case Miss Thackeray has set an example of turning this vein to didactic purposes. Jack the Giant Killer is modernized into a working curate, not we consider, with the charm which hangs round the sister triflers. The truth is, Fancifulness, which may be regarded as the diminutive of Fancy, finds a useful purpose a heavy weight for airy wings. They flag under the burden. She can insinuate a moral of the commonplace order—Don't be vain because you are pretty; don't be envious; don't tell stories; be cheerful and make yourself pleasant whatever happens. But it is out of her way to say, Be laborious, be a teetotaller, keep regular accounts, clear drains, build churches. She entertains us in the recreation hour, and does not aim to amuse us with our work—the business of our lives.

Miss Yonge, in fearing that her idea may be leading her in a track already worthily pre-occupied, almost tells us that the thought of modernizing an ancient fable was put into her head. But, once there, it must follow her bent, and necessarily she sought for an instructive fable. The Labours of Hercules certainly fell in very well with this requirement, for his labours were undoubtedly useful, and some of them applicable to the needs of all time; else certain familiar illustrations have for some ages been misapplied. But, reduced from the magnificent vagueness of legend to line and rule, they inevitably lose their poetry, and with it their dignity. As the Augean Stables could not be cleaned out by the means with which we are familiar, we suppose some grand way of managing matters; but there is no mystery in carting off a farmer's dunghill, however indefatigable and up to his work he may show himself, and we feel our hero a little lowered in the process. He is distinctly described as without the sense of humour; but surely giants have humour, and we may at least indulge the fancy that Hercules found and made some fun out of his unsavoury task. It results, therefore, from the choice of subject, that the fancy expatiates more on minor points than on the larger task of making legend or fairyland and prosaic life meet half-way, giving to everyday existence a fairy glamour, and a touch of humanity, with its griefs and joys, to the illusive world of imagination. Considerable ingenuity is shown and evidently great amusement found in Englishing Greek names and places, and in discovering a certain punning rather than literal parallel for some of the hero's labours. In this light the thing is a puzzle to be worked out, a game to be played with cleverness and spirit; but, the nomenclature once established and the fable well in hand, we are on familiar ground, and know where we are too plainly. The amusement in all such transpositions must lie in adapting impossible circumstances to modern possibilities, and surprising the reader into acquiescence; making a whimsical rich old lady perform the feats of a fairy godmother, changing a good-natured beast into a clumsy, ugly, not unlovable young fellow; but here there is no meeting on neutral ground. We are amongst Miss Yonge's *dramatis personae*, who, though their acts may be a little out of the common way, yet in their way of doing them and in their talk about them are faulty, or prejudiced, or foolish, or unbelieving, or religious, or keenly conscientious, or self-distracting in the precise tone of her most realistic narratives. This is, of course, largely due to the fact of the machinery being impracticable for her natural method. Hercules is no doubt a very difficult personage to handle; and she undertakes to draw a character where, as a question of art, character-drawing should no more be attempted than in the *Arabian Nights*. There is no presumption, however, in the working out of the attempt. The author makes her hero taciturn and apt to break off in the middle or beginning of his sentences where the might of feeling is at work. "If I could only—" "If only," and there he stops, leaving all the depths to be inferred from the breaks and pauses so familiar to female pens a little afraid of getting beyond their depth if they finish their sentence. Once, however,

when urged to an explanation, he despatches the question of his passion in summary terms. He had "just taken out his heart and crushed it." But who could set Hercules talking so as to satisfy our vague ideas? It is so much easier to guess what he would not say than what he would. One touch we quite agree with, and give the author credit for it. He is very apt to fall asleep when read to. That Hercules was a lady's man everybody knows, and in fact he could flirt. But this weakness does not fall in with the present conception, though Harold is absolutely under the influence of the narrator (his aunt in relationship though his junior in age), and the devoted lover of the lady who represents the mythological wonder—the stag, or fawn, with golden horns.

The father and uncle of our hero Harold were sons of an English country gentleman who, falling under the influence of a turbulent Pole, Prometesky (Prometheus), during the excitement connected with the Reform Bill, turned democrats, married the daughters of a Radical farmer, stimulated the peasantry to riot and rebellion, and got transported for life along with Prometesky; who finds his Rock in Australia. The brothers whom he has misled die there, leaving the one a son (Harold or Hercules), the other a son and daughter—Eustace (that is, Eurystheus) and the child Dora, who we see from the first is in training for Dejanira. It is at the antipodes that Harold strangles the serpent, and grows up to man's estate, untaught, reckless, committing all the improprieties which unfit his prototype for an example; then in a fit of jealous fury he carries off his wife Meg Cree (Megara), and driving madly in the darkness upsets her and his two children down a precipice, and becomes a prey to despondency. At the news of the death of their grandfather the young people come to England, Eustace to succeed to his grandfather's estate; and the introduction to their youthful aunt takes place. Harold, of course, is of magnificent and gigantic proportions; at once he wins the aunt's regard and admiration, and the party agree to keep house together at the family mansion, Arghouse (Argos), near the town of Micening (Mycene), and here the Labours are carried out, of which the modern Eurystheus, an empty, vainglorious, tuft-hunting snob, takes the credit. Harold, in simplicity of heart, sets about reforming all abuses, regardless who has the praise. The first feat is a literal reproduction. There is a wild-beast show on Neme Heath (Nemaea); the lion escapes, to the terror of the multitude, and is mastered, and choked by Harold, with the aid of a carriage-rug; his skin figuring ever after in the narrative. The Lernean Hydra is typically represented by the "Dragon's Head" public, which, when put down and shut up on one side of the street, develops into several dragons—"Real," "Original" Dragons' Heads—on the other, until the Curate, Ben Yolland, whom we take to be Iolas, strikes at the root of the evil. The Club we assume to be verbally represented in the Workman's Club, established on temperance principles, at a pottery, set up as a Limited Liability Company. The swift Stag of the Golden Horns, who is to be caught alive, is Viola, of fawn-like grace, beauty, and pretty wilfulness, whom Harold, meeting on her pony, leads a willing captive to Aunt Lucy, from whom, by the will of wrathful Diana, her lady mother, she has been estranged. The capture of the Wild Boar in the snow is the rescue from a snowed-up train of the Earl of Erymanth (Erymanthus), a prosy nobleman, pronounced by his deliverer "a great bore." The Augean Stables are the misbegotten premises of a farmer who guides himself by the proverb that Muck is the farmer's nosegay.

The carnivorous birds of Lake Stymphalis are the scandal-mongers Avice Stympson and her sisters, whom the hero conquers by rescuing their dog from a mill-race. The prodigious wild bull which laid waste the country is Bullock, the bullying agent of the Arghouse property. The Mares of Diomed, which fed on human flesh, are the racers of Dermot, an Irish absentee, who for their sakes leaves his tenantry to starve. The girdle of the Amazons is the Champion Belt of the Archery Club, long held by the Amazon Hippolita Horsman, whose family (the Centaurs) have their further work to do in the story. The tenth labour is performed in Australia, where Harold encounters the sheep-stealer (Geryon) and wrestles with the giant, his double, and bearing his name, who seems to personate in the author's mind the Hercules of vulgar heathendom, whom she is anxious to dissociate from the hero who chose Virtue instead of Pleasure. The golden apples come from the same region. They are nuggets of gold committed under difficulties to his keeping in atonement for a fraud. The crowning labour, in which Cerberus figures, must be a hard nut for any invention to crack. He has to be reduced to one dog—Kerby; but then he is a mad one.

To produce a vigorous picture of a "great simple nature," intent on reforming the more patent and flagrant social miseries, has been the author's aim throughout rather than any reproduction of the charm of classic legend. We have read lately that drains do not lend themselves readily to the comic muse, and social reforms of the material order are equally coy of putting themselves to school with the Graces. Yet sometimes Miss Yonge shows a gratuitous defiance of elegance in her determination to be real. The diminutives and *sobriquets* by which she distinguishes her characters needlessly jar on our taste, though we recognize in them the hold she keeps on her idea. But the reader, too, has his work to do as well as the author. It is impossible to read the story without treating it as a puzzle to be found out, and, if no solution presents itself, a sense of incongruity remains. We do not, it is true, know a great deal about Eurystheus, but his representative in the modern version is irreconcilable with our notions. We

suppose that, as Shakspeare, wanting a Roman buffoon, went to the senate house, so here, wanting a snob as a foil for her simple noble-hearted hero, she made sure that legend, if only full enough, could furnish her with one; but his Government-house ball, his study of the Peerage, his appeals to Harold on the point of kid-gloves and gentility, seem to the reader to break too entirely loose from the analogy which the author undertakes to work out. This, however, may be hypercritical.

The work is a bold venture, and, if not wholly successful, is at least a proof of the author's powers. It is carried through with a spirit and evident enjoyment which excites the reader's sympathy when he perceives that what he at first looked for is not within the writer's scope or plan. But in one point the legend, both in itself and as she treats it, does fall in with a natural bent. We suppose that undisciplined strength—the gigantic mould of mind and body—must always be attractive to the physically weaker sex. Whether in imagination or reality it is a fascinating idea to subdue so much force to gentleness and practical good. And we observe here a greater tolerance for manly weaknesses than in the author's earlier works, and a greater trust in woman's beneficent influence. The youthful Aunt Lucy (placed in that relation as the only one which permitted her unchaperoned companionship) marries in the end the reformed spendthrift—a pickle in childhood, and sent home by many successive tutors as impracticable. Dejanira, after having done her work upon the hero by means of smallpox infection, marries the converted sceptic; and Harold himself, by the unanimous voice of all the survivors of the story, owes the subduing of his wild nature to Lucy's tender watchfulness and good counsels, who shows herself throughout her narrative his unconscious good genius.

CHINESE PROVERBS.*

THE East is the home of proverbs. If we seek for the causes which have produced this result, we find prominent among them the prevailing custom in Asia of imparting both instruction and amusement by word of mouth, and also the genius of most Oriental languages, which, from their conciseness, lend themselves easily and gracefully to the form of words known as proverbs. There is nothing more calculated to revive the flagging attention of an audience, or to add flavour to a discourse, than the judicious use of short, apt, and pithy sayings. Of this none are better aware than the wandering Arab story-teller whose bread depends on the interest he is able to excite among the wealthy frequenters of Eastern bazaars, or the Indian vagrant who, seated beneath some shady tree, seeks to enchain the attention of his village audience by tales of love and adventure; or, again, the Japanese priest, who makes pithy sayings and broad jokes his vehicle of instruction, and emphasizes his lessons in morality by homely and not always delicate illustrations. In China, however, the early introduction of cheap printing and the comparatively wide spread of education has in great measure substituted the story-book for the story-teller, and volumes of discourses for extempore sermons. From one fruitful provocative to proverb-making the Chinese are therefore cut off; but, on the other hand, their language, from its conciseness and its ideographic character, is pre-eminently fitted to express in terse and pictorial figures those results of observation and experience which are apt to form themselves into proverbs; and at the same time the literary habits of the people are just such as to encourage a taste for moulding these into polished and well-turned phrases. The result is that in no country in the world have proverbs a wider circulation than in China, and as a natural consequence they reflect with both truth and accuracy the national characteristics of the people.

Several European writers have preceded Mr. Scarborough in collecting Chinese proverbs. More than fifty years ago, Sir John Davis published his *Chinese Moral Maxims*; in 1869 M. Perny brought out a small volume of *Proverbs Chinois*; and Mr. Doolittle, in the second part of his *Handbook of the Chinese Language*, has given a long list of proverbial sayings. But these collections sink into insignificance in point of number when compared with that in the volume before us. Sir John Davis's book contained 200 proverbs, M. Perny's 441, Mr. Doolittle's several hundred, but Mr. Scarborough has furnished us with 2,720 examples. The native collections are neither numerous nor large. Mr. Scarborough enumerates eight works upon which he has drawn, but as he justly observes, "the bulk of the proverbs current in the land exist only in the memories and on the lips of the population," and it is from these sources that the present collection has principally been gathered.

As with the sayings of every land, Chinese proverbs assume various forms. The most esteemed are those known as *Tuy-tze*, or "antithetical couplets." These are formed according to strictly technical rules. They must contain the same number of characters in each line, which must scan accurately as regards the tones or inflexions of the voice which are inherent in them, and in the verbal construction of the couplet there must be an antithesis between the parts of speech represented by the words composing each line; thus particles must be placed in antithesis to particles, nouns to nouns, verbs to verbs, and so on. Another kind are the *Leen-keu*, or "connected sentences." These are less formal than the *Tuy-tze*, the only rule to be observed in their composition

being that each line must contain the same number of characters, and there is generally, though not of necessity, a sharp antithesis between the first and second lines. As a specimen of this antithesis we may quote the translation of proverb No. 1674 in the work before us, "It is not hard to talk about good works, but to do them." Others take the form of a plain sentence, to which sometimes is given just enough rhythm to give it an easy and flowing utterance. So much for the styles in which they are composed in the original; but, before leaving this part of the subject, we will turn for a moment to the way in which Mr. Scarborough has rendered them into English. Their sense he has succeeded in imparting with great accuracy, and where he has been content to give us prose versions of their meaning, he has done so in terse English; but unfortunately he has in some instances attempted to reproduce the original in verse, and in a vast majority of these cases it would have been much better if he had refused to listen to the promptings of his poetic fancy. For example, it would not be difficult to imagine a prose version of proverb No. 1172 which would be preferable to the following:—

Civil and martial mandarins must
One to his seal, one to his flag, trust;
or one of No. 1169 to this:—
One dash of a civil magistrate's pen
Makes the martial magistrate jump again;
or one of No. 1133 to this:—
Try you to defraud in customs and revenue;
The mandarin soon will try to be having you.

But in saying this, we have pointed out the only fault we have to find with the book. The proverbs are well selected and arranged, and a copious index enables the reader to refer at once to such proverbs as bear on any particular subject or subjects.

One characteristic of the Chinese, as of all Oriental peoples, presents itself prominently in the proverbs before us, and that is the wide difference which exists between the high standard of morality in matters of government and conduct which they profess to strive to reach, and the corruption and dishonesty which pervade their practice in every condition of life; in other words, between their professions and their deeds. Nothing can be more sublime than the motives which it is said should actuate the conduct of man to his fellow-men, and yet often in the same page we meet with proverbs which throw an unerring light on the real springs of action which are uppermost in the minds of the people. What saying, for example, could be more suggestive of high-souled and pure-handed officials than the following:—"There are three rules for men in office; be upright, be cautious, be diligent." And yet how different is the picture, which evidently is the truest to nature, afforded by such as those which appear cheek-by-jowl with the above:—"Neither dogs nor mandarins injure those who give them anything," "Men's hearts are like iron, and the rule of mandarins like a furnace," "An officer's door is like a market-place," "Deceive, but don't insult, a mandarin." But this violent contrast meets one at every turn in China. The Emperors, many of whom have been as dissolute, selfish, and cruel as it is possible for men to be, have been accustomed to expatiate in the *Peking Gazette* on the ardent zeal with which they have attempted to follow the virtuous, patriotic, and merciful conduct of some idealized being of antiquity; no Minister of State, however itching may be his palm, writes of himself in any public document but as of one who passes sleepless nights and restless days in his endeavours to suppress all corruption in the administration of his department; and whole libraries of books are written on the virtues of honest and patriotic mandarins, who, if they ever existed, find but very few in modern China to follow in their train. Of course we do not mean to say that there are no honest and upright officials in China, but such are in an infinitesimal minority. But it should always be borne in mind, in palliation of the almost universal corruption, that their salaries are ludicrously small, often quite insufficient to pay the followers and servants necessary to the maintenance of their posts, and that they hold their appointments for three years only. The results of these causes are that each one is by force of circumstances compelled to prey upon the inhabitants of the districts under his control, and by a selfish instinct is tempted to squeeze as much out of the people during the tenure of his office as they will submit to part with without breaking out into open revolt. In this way it has come to pass that at the present day official virtue is but a relative term in China, and people speak with admiration and respect of a mandarin who supplements his income out of his subjects' pockets without oppressing them, and who tempers bribery with a show of justice. "Never believe a portionless magistrate when he says his rule is pure" is a saying which is plainly the result of popular experience.

The view suggested by a number of proverbs in the volume before us of the religious tendencies of the people is very interesting, and shows how infinitely deeper seated among them is the natural worship of heaven or the Supreme Being than are the imported sophistries and superstitions of Buddha and Laou-tsze. Heaven is never otherwise than respectfully referred to, while nothing can be more contemptuous than the way in which Buddhist and Taoist priests are often spoken of. We may quote the following proverbs as illustrative of these remarks:—"Man depends on heaven, as a ship on her pilot"; "Heaven responds to man as quickly as shadow to form, or echo to voice"; "There is nothing partial in the ways of heaven"; "Imperial heaven will never slight a man of sorrows." On the other hand, "Only

* A Collection of Chinese Proverbs. Translated and Arranged by William Scarborough. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

those become bonzes who can't make a living"; "The monastery faces the nunnery; there is nothing in that—yet there may be"; "For one son who becomes a priest nine generations get to heaven"; "A magistrate is never at leisure—a bonze always is," &c.

The popular views on the various relations of life are abundantly illustrated by numerous proverbs in Mr. Scarborough's collection. The necessity of showing filial piety to parents, the value set by parents upon sons, and the indifference shown as to the possession of daughters, are all plainly traced out; and though there is no direct reference to infanticide, there is an unpleasant sound in such sayings as, "When one family *rears* a daughter, a hundred families ask her in marriage"; "Those who *rear* daughters hope for great suitors." Judging from some of the proverbs relating to the marriage state, Chinese opinion seems to agree with the old English saying:—

A spaniel, a wife, and a walnut-tree,
The more they are beaten the better they be;

but there is abundant evidence that domestic happiness is common, and also that not unfrequently "the grey mare is the best horse" in China as elsewhere. Between many of the less obvious of these Chinese proverbs and those current among ourselves there is a striking resemblance; for instance, a half-witted person is described in our midland counties as being "ninepence in the shilling," and in China as being "the fourth of a thousand cash," or "two hundred and fifty." Throughout most of Mr. Scarborough's pages a very great deal of practical wisdom is to be found; and, in these days of superficial acquirements, many students might derive benefit from such saws on study as the following:—"Learning cannot be gulped down," "Every character must be chewed to get out its juice," "Good students are like workers in hard wood," "Most things are easy to learn, but hard to master."

It may be doubted whether some of the sayings quoted by Mr. Scarborough can rightly be described as proverbs; such, for example, as to wish "May fair winds attend you!" But, with few exceptions, his collection represents very perfectly the proverbial wisdom of China, and to all who are interested in such subjects we confidently recommend his volume.

YACHTING IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.*

MR. LAMONT'S book is interesting, although in some sense it is a record of failures. He has a passion for Arctic voyages. A good many years ago he published an entertaining volume on *Seasons with the Sea-Horses*; and, after an interval devoted to public life and foreign travel, he has returned to his early love with as much ardour as ever. Sitting in solitary meditation on the bleak shores of Spitzbergen, among the icebergs, walruses, seals, and seafowl, he falls into train of melancholy regrets over wasted years of his life, and money squandered on electioneering. Looking at things from his personal point of view, we cannot doubt that he is right. For he has most of the qualifications, natural and adventitious, for a successful Arctic explorer. He has time and money at his disposal; he has set his heart on contributing to Arctic discovery; and, as he delights in this sort of life in spite of its hardships, its dangers, and its occasional dreariness, he is content to resign himself to disappointments when he has done his utmost to command success. His days of involuntary waiting pass the more easily that he is an enthusiastic sportsman and a deadly shot. Most men would be disposed to doubt whether hunting the walrus is the most exciting sport in the world. But that is Mr. Lamont's opinion, and he has some right to speak, for he has followed the chase in the interior of Africa and Asia, not to speak of the highlands of his native Scotland. He and his people had their fair share of dangers in the voyage he is describing. Twice his steam yacht took the ground or the ice, in treacherous currents laden with icebergs and drifting fragments. In case of the worst, which seemed extremely likely to happen to them, they had to betake themselves to the boats with valuables and necessities, and awaited in intense anxiety a result which they could do little to influence. Had their ship been lost, there would have been nothing left them but a winter passed in those inhospitable latitudes, or a row across the ocean to Norway in their open boats. Twice they were saved when they scarcely expected it, and returned to their comfortable vessel to find it little the worse. Accidents of the kind, as Mr. Micawber remarks, may be confidently expected, and, on the whole, the crew of the *Diana* had cause to congratulate themselves on their good fortune. But what most people would perhaps regard as the most serious drawback to such adventurous cruises are those summer gales of Novaya Zembla which, when they come thick with drifting snow, "are productive of the most abject state of despair." The eddying sleet drives every one below except the watch and the man at the wheel, who sits like a snow statue with his feet in bag of hay. The look-out has a tremendous responsibility, as they go groping about the edge of the ice-pack or of some rock-bound coast with its jutting precipices. Their knowledge of the currents which may be carrying them along is mere guesswork, and they are always in expectation of a disagreeable surprise when the atmosphere thins and shows them their whereabouts. Everything on the deck is enveloped in ice,

and each time the vessel goes about in a succession of cautious tacks, the silence is broken by the rattle of showers of icicles. "The angle at which the ship heels over to leeward renders ordinary occupations impossible; and rather than encounter the hazard of tumbling and rolling against each other in the narrow cabin, we sit in well-jammed positions and spend the time in desultory reading."

Mr. Lamont, however, is a living proof that a life of this kind has a charm for certain temperaments, and in the general election of 1868 he withdrew, as he tells us, from a contest for his county, that he might undertake another cruise to the North. He superintended the building of a screw steam yacht to suit his fancy, and the *Diana* of 251 tons was the result. Strong, rakish, and handy, she proved all that could be desired, though, when the screw was broken at a critical moment, it turned out that the blades had been made of soft iron instead of cast steel as per contract. In getting his crew together, Mr. Lamont had an eye to the double purpose with which he was sailing. It was his intention to force his way northward and eastward as far as he could, towards the mysterious territories of Gilles Land and Franz Joseph Land, or into those little-known seas which lie to the east of Novaya Zembla. But as success in these objects depended on the season, and as disappointments and delays were certain in any case, he made his arrangements to fall back on walrus-hunting and seal-shooting. It is an idea of his, and it seems a very rational one, that amateur enterprise would be greatly promoted were gentlemen to combine profit with discovery. By making use of one's idle time, one may not only get a great deal of exciting amusement, but fill the ship with a cargo that may actually cover its expenses. An average seal will yield 200 lbs. of blubber, a good-sized walrus about 500 lbs., and the latter animal, including the hide and the ivory, will give a value of about 12*l*. So the hold of the *Diana* was fitted with tanks for the reception of blubber, and as her stock of coals was consumed their place was to be filled up with cargo. Moreover, in addition to the experienced harpooners and others whom he shipped before sailing from Scotland, Mr. Lamont had bespoken the services of half a dozen Norwegians supposed to be specially at home in chasing these Arctic animals. It seems certain, from what he tells us, that making commercial adventure one of the objects of Arctic voyaging would rather stimulate adventurous research than retard it. For it is only by going a long way off and taking advantage of the superiority given by steam power that you can hope nowadays to make good bags of seals and walruses. The creeks and inlets in the more accessible waters swarm with sloops from the various Norwegian ports which are fitted out for hunting and nothing else. Their hardy mariners push on emulously among the dangerous ice floes that threaten to beset them and cut off their retreat; and their vessels, by the way, are as little fitted as may be for ice navigation, being generally old and most indifferently found. But the result is that game of all sorts, amphibious and terrestrial, grows annually scarcer. The walruses have either shifted their haunts altogether, or become extraordinarily shy and suspicious; while valleys in Spitzbergen that used to be pastured with great herds of reindeer may be drawn blank day after day by the most skillful and indefatigable stalker. So far, however, as the reindeer are concerned, much appears to depend on the season. Towards the end of the summer, and before starting on the homeward voyage, Mr. Lamont's hunts might almost be characterized as butchery were it not that he was in want of fresh provisions for his crew. On one occasion, almost incredible as it sounds, he bagged seven out of ten deer on a single drive and with a small muzzle-loading rifle. Another time, when we hear of seventeen being killed on the same stretch of ground, we are not surprised to learn that the poor animals were so tame that "we might have shot any number by simply standing in view till they came up to be shot." Nothing but frying and feasting was going forward on board; the yacht's rigging was festooned with haunches and fat forequarters; and, after ample provision had been made for the homeward voyage, several casks full of hams were salted down. By way of contrast to this tame slaughter of reindeer for the pot or spit, we have some thrilling incidents of the walrus-hunting which is Mr. Lamont's ideal of enjoyment. The animal may be either shot or harpooned. To shoot him he should be approached from behind, as the vulnerable spots are in the brain, and the brain is in the back of the unshapely head. There is a certain excitement in the stalk over the water, for when the walruses lie out in groups they always place a sentinel. The boat must steal upon them through the channels among the floes, and, according to Mr. Lamont, should its bows jar on the edge of the ice the vibrations may give the alarm to the game to a distance of a couple of miles or so. But in shooting, with the discharge of the shot all is over; either the animal is killed where he lies, or he rolls himself over the edge of the ice and disappears in the depths of the water. When he is harpooned, on the contrary, everybody must be on the alert; much more so should a couple of great bulls be harpooned at the same time, as not unfrequently happens. They go under with a rush, dragging the stem of the boat down after them; and should the man charged with the duty delay to cut clear at the critical moment, the wrecked crew may be floating in the icy water before they have had time to speculate on the probabilities of an accident; or the wounded monster may turn short on the line like a salmon, and, rising savagely below the boat, drive his tusks through the bottom. In a well-found boat every precaution is taken against such casualties. Nails and a hammer and

* *Yachting in the Arctic Seas; or, Notes of Five Voyages of Sport and Discovery in the Neighbourhood of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zembla.* By James Lamont, F.G.S., F.R.G.S. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

plates of metal sheathing are stowed away handy; and indeed all the hunting appointments are made as perfect as possible. Still fatal accidents are frequent. Many a boat that pulls away cheerily from the ship is never heard of again; and on one occasion the *Diana* picked up a stranded walrus boat, with broken lines, that had evidently been dragged under to the drowning of the crew.

We need not say much of Mr. Lamont's volume as a record of discovery, for the simple reason that, through no fault of his own, he discovered very little. His perseverance and enterprise deserved a better recompence; but luck is everything in Arctic navigation, and in the season of 1869 in particular the ice seems to have been set thick to the southward. Repeatedly he steamed up for those narrow waters which lead to the east of Novaya Zembla, to the Kara Sea, or to the icy waters that lie towards Gilles Land on the north coast of Spitzbergen. Sometimes he was stopped on the threshold; sometimes he could thread their dangerous mazes up to a certain point, but had to return in the end without having achieved any tangible results. Nothing, we should imagine, can be more mortifying than the consciousness that the settled lie of the ice-pack, after an unusually inclement season, makes fresh exploration absolutely hopeless; and it would appear that the climate must have changed greatly in the last two or three centuries, or else that the earliest Arctic navigators, who sailed northwards in comparative cockle-shells, had the luck which their extraordinary daring deserved. Year after year you may be locked out by leagues of impenetrable ice-fields from land that was laid down on the charts one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago. In taking leave of Mr. Lamont we may add that he has turned the achievements of predecessors and contemporaries to good literary purpose, and that his book is interspersed with much useful geographical information, which makes it a valuable record of discovery from the earliest period to the present time.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

“A FARMER'S Vacation”* seems to have been spent as wisely, profitably, and pleasantly as vacations used to be spent by University men in the days when reading was a reality without being an intolerable burden, and unfashionable places were often selected as being precisely those where men might read without fear of disturbance all the morning, and find enjoyable walks and rides for the afternoon; as some very few men still spend a holiday when they neither intend to write a book nor to get up material for small talk during the coming season. The Channel Islands have been quite as much visited and described as they deserve; but that does not render them less interesting to a man who likes to see with his own eyes and choose for himself, not what he “ought to have seen,” but what he really cares to see. Holland is a land of dull weather and wearisome sameness of scenery; but scenery is not the only thing worth seeing or travelling to see, and Holland has sights of its own to show that are quite as interesting in their way as the highest mountain that was ever climbed or the most remarkable of historical relics and ruins. Mr. Waring's professional interest in the peculiar agricultural system of the Channel Islands, and in the natural wealth and splendid cultivation of the lands which Holland and her sister provinces have reclaimed from the ocean, gave a special purpose to his journey, and lends a continuity and unity to his narrative which the travels and writings of holiday tourists rarely possess. A farmer fortunately can write as he can talk about his trade, without that fear of puzzling or wearying his audience which would hamper the merchant or manufacturer. The technical terms of his art are intelligible to all, and nearly all feel a respect for the oldest and most universal, and an interest in the simplest and least sophisticated, of human industries, which they entertain for no other. Consequently Mr. Waring's descriptions of the rich polders of the Netherlands, of the farm-buildings and houses whose size and comfort bear witness to the solid wealth of their owners, of the carefully kept dairies and the cheese factories, will be acceptable to a large circle of readers who have themselves little or nothing to do with farming, and know just enough of it to distinguish a shorthorn from an Alderney or a clover-field from pasture-land. But the most valuable and interesting part of his work is that which explains, with extreme care and clearness, and with the help of a few simple diagrams, maps, and illustrations, the process by which great areas of land—some of it the bed of lakes or inlets from time immemorial, some of it drowned by inundations of which history still preserves the record—have been reclaimed for habitation and cultivation; and of the methods by which the same or similar objects were achieved in olden days. The vast dykes that still protect great part of the Netherlands from the tides of the North Sea or the floods of the Rhine, and the soil they guard, lying many yards below high-water mark, remind the observer how very ancient is the system of reclamation which, in its latest feats, seems one of the marvellous tasks that have taxed to the uttermost the gigantic mechanical resources of the age; how nearly the windmill achieved all that steam-engines can do; how early the Dutch ventured upon what appears the most daring of human inventions, the creation of a land from the ocean bottom, not by raising the soil, but simply by excluding the water; and how completely

they relied on their artificial coasts when they ventured to build villages, to scatter a large population, and even to found cities, at such a level that a single breach in the sea-wall might expose them all to be permanently covered. The saying that the country of the Netherlands “draws fifty feet of water” does not, of course, express a literal truth. Great part of it is above high-water mark, or no one would ever have settled there; great part of the rest was rather marsh and swamp than lake—that is, lay between high and low water mark—or its reclamation would hardly have entered into the minds of men. But there is a large area which lies so far below the sea-level that the canal-boats sail at a considerable elevation over the surrounding land, while the ships into which their loads are delivered have their keels on a level with the mast or cabin chimney-top of the canal-boats. Ships and farmhouses are not near enough for their respective heights to be compared; but if they were, it is strictly true that the roofs of the houses would be seen to be lower than the vessels' keels, and that the fishes swim above the topmost branches of the trees. As it is, the double series of canals by which the water is drained from the reclaimed lands, and the gradual ascent by which it is delivered into the distant ocean, present a much slighter contrast, and preclude the possibility of actually realizing by the eye the difference of the extreme levels—the polder in which the cattle feed, and the sea, forty feet higher, on which the vessels float that convey the dairy produce to England or America. These polders are the richest and most valuable soil in the Netherlands, and, great as is the cost of reclamation, the available land recovered sells at once at a rate which nearly covers the actual expense of the costliest work yet achieved, leaving the State—which alone can undertake such enormous works—the clear gainer by the entire taxation which the land and the population it will support can bear. We should recommend to any one who has not time or desire to read through Mr. Waring's modest volume to study at least his lucid account of the draining of the Haarlem Lake, so as to understand the courage, skill, and perseverance which such works even now require, and to form some faint idea of the pains and determination by which the country was enlarged and preserved in the days when steam-power was yet unknown. Mr. Waring carefully explains the peculiar embarrassments arising from the intermittent working of the windmills, and the enormous addition to the necessary “basin” space—the canals built up for the reception of the drainage water—which that working required.

*A Summer in Norway** is a well-written, pleasant, but by no means striking description of scenery and people that have been described a hundred times before. Any one who has never seen the midnight sun, and has no idea what it is really like, may get a clear notion of the phenomenon from this volume. Any one who has never enjoyed Norwegian salmon-fishing, or heard other people talk about it, and the charms of the country to which it introduces them, will here find the best available substitute for direct knowledge of the subject. Any one who has never sat in a carriage or read of carriage-travelling will learn what a carriage is, and what are its pleasures and inconveniences; and any one who knows nothing about the hardy yeomanry of Norway, the stock from which have sprung so many nobilities, will get some slight notion of a people well worth understanding from these pages. But we fear that when this is said, there is not much more to say for a very readable book, and that the class to whose consideration we have commended it—educated English men and women who have neither visited Norway nor heard and read as much as they care to know about it—is not numerous enough to give it a remunerative circulation in England. Its prospects at home may be better. America is so far off that men cannot take a month's fishing in Norway by way of a yearly holiday; and the regular American travellers seldom venture into regions devoid of all the comforts of hotels, and by no means attractive to ladies; so that the author may hope to find plenty of his countrymen who neither know all that he can tell them nor are quite indifferent to it.

A Glimpse at the Art of Japan† is not a book to be skimmed, and the treatment is a little too deep and technical to attract the ordinary reader, or win from him that attentive study which is necessary to understand it. But to artists, to all concerned in designing and in art manufactures, to intelligent collectors and connoisseurs, it should be welcome, as affording a careful and well-considered view of the principles and character of Oriental art, and of its signal divergence from all that is called by the same name in Europe; of the mode in which, by foregoing the attempt to represent nature accurately, and subordinating literal truth to practical availability, the artists of Japan and China have succeeded in a class of designs and a kind of ornamentation hardly studied here, and of the exquisite taste in colour which has given so peculiar a value to their ware. The deficiency of the book is its poverty in illustrations. These are few, and those which are given are mere faint outlines of figures,

* *A Farmer's Vacation*. By George E. Waring, junior, of Ogden Farm. Reprinted, with Additions, from “Scribner's Monthly.” Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *A Glimpse at the Art of Japan*. By James Jackson Jarves, Author of “Art Studies,” “Art Ideas,” &c. &c. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

presenting to the unprofessional reader no idea whatever, save that of imperfection, incompleteness, and illegibility. They have, of course, their use and meaning as explanatory of Japanese drawing, and its adaptation to curved surfaces; but to render the book fully serviceable to students much more should have been given. As it is, however, the volume is one which all interested in art wares, of whatever kind, should possess, and which they will be able to illustrate by comparing its descriptions and the principles it lays down with the numerous collections of Eastern art manufactures accessible to English students. It may give some little help, perhaps, to the development of a better and more eclectic school of design than we yet possess.

The record of a Quaker's experiences among the Indians * is not written with any party bias, and shows no disposition to criticize with severity the management of the Department, scandalous as most Americans believe it to be, nor yet to side with the Indians against the white men, to apologize for the cruelties of the savage, or exaggerate the treacherous crimes of a civilized soldiery. The author was a teacher under the patronage of the Government and on good terms with the Government agents, and therefore avoids any disclosures which might be offensive to his employers or injurious to his friends. Himself frequently exposed to danger, and living within sight of the most horrible scenes of the frightful border warfare that breaks out from time to time, he is under no temptation to palliate Indian atrocities; and, as a fervent votary of his own faith, he regards with especial horror the superstitious and idolatrous practices of the "savages," and the occasional captures of white women and children (generally Mexicans) by those whom he describes as heathens. Yet the general bearing of his testimony is favourable to the Indians, and most damaging to his countrymen. That the great majority even of such tribes as the Kiowas and Comanches wish to keep the peace even under severe provocation, and are seldom entangled in war except when made answerable for the action of young, impulsive, and unmanageable members of the tribe, or driven to madness by some of the treacherous surprises and atrocious massacres which the commanders of the American troops have repeatedly committed, and which the President has never punished—examples of which are incidentally given in the course of the Quaker's narrative—that they are not incapable of civilization were they put under tutelage and protected from the white traders who make them mad with the vilest of intoxicating liquors, and encourage them to outrages by supplying them with rifles, revolvers, and ammunition—are the conclusions to which the author's intimate knowledge of a considerable portion of two of the least tameable tribes appears to have led him. To these conclusions the language and conduct of the elders and responsible chiefs, as related by nearly all trustworthy authorities—we do not count either borderers or soldiers among such—would seem distinctly to point. The Quakers have seldom failed to make and keep peace with the Indians if they are let alone. But the present system of tribute and robbery, exemption from law and liability to massacre, the practice of supplying the Indians with clothes and food (in payment of annuities promised when they were removed from their original homes), half of which are embezzled on the way, and the other half of such a quality as white paupers would reject with scorn, the encroachments of pioneers, the importation of whisky, the impunity of many leaders in the worst outrages, and the slaughter of any body of Indians—men, women, or children—that may come to hand, in retaliation for "Indian outrages," without any attempt to detect and hunt down the perpetrators—can only end in renewed "wars," and in the final extermination of the Red Man.

The story, not unduly prolonged, of *An American in Iceland*†, is open to the same remark that we have made on *A Summer in Norway*. Iceland, so far as English readers and English tourists are concerned, has been so thoroughly ransacked and explored, so frequently and fully described, that a new account of the country or the people, however well done, has the disadvantage of being obviously superfluous. The inherent interest of the island, its wild scenery, its strange history and literature, and the many relics of its ancient institutions which are still to be traced in its language and customs, are amply sufficient to ensure attention for one good book on the subject. But the field is necessarily limited, inasmuch as Iceland has but a small area, a monotonous character, and a very tame history; and, these once described, there is nothing more to say about it. If the many English and translated works on Icelandic subjects have not found their way to American readers, we do not doubt that their countryman's sketches, slight though they be, will excite some interest.

Of these Biographies of English Radical Leaders ‡ the principal, if not the sole, merit is that they are "brief." The men are ill selected, their history is badly told, their eulogies are ridiculously exaggerated, and the writer's notions of English politics and prospects are laughably absurd. He fancies that Sir Charles Dilke is one of the foremost men in Parliament, and not

* *The Life and Adventures of a Quaker among the Indians.* By Thomas C. Batley. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *An American in Iceland: an Account of its Scenery, People, and History; with a Description of its Millennial Celebration in August, 1874; with Notes on the Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe Islands, and the great Eruption of 1875.* By Samuel Kneeland, A.M., M.D., Secretary and Professor of Zoology and Physiology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. With Map and Nineteen Illustrations. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *Brief Biographies; English Radical Leaders.* By R. J. Hinton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

at all unlikely to have his choice, ere long, between the Premiership of a Monarchy and the Presidency of a Republic; that Mr. Peter Taylor is a popular idol; and that the principal leaders of opinion out of doors are Mr. Odger, Mr. Richards, Mr. Bradlaugh, and Professor Fawcett.

In undertaking *A Comparative History of Religions* * we certainly incline to think that Dr. Moffat has attempted a task far beyond his knowledge and his powers. In endeavouring to perform it within the limits of two small duodecimo volumes, he has assuredly condemned himself, not merely to complete, but to ludicrous, failure. Nor is the fault merely that of choosing an absurdly grand title for an insignificant work. The really historical information contained in the two "parts" now before us is very small, though they pretend to embrace a complete view of "sacred" books, from the date of Job, or the Zend-Avesta, to that of the Book of Mormon; and the light thrown on the actual relations of different "Scriptures" and creeds is even less valuable. On the whole, we can hardly understand why the book was written; and we cannot conceive why it should ever be read.

Two Lectures † on the relation of the Law to the Churches, by Mr. Justice Strong of the Supreme Court, are so very good that we only regret that they are not more complete and elaborate. For their own purpose—that of explaining to future ministers of religion that the Church as a human society, owning property, claiming rights, and capable of interfering with the rights of others, must be subject to the law of the land, and of explaining how far, in general, the laws of the States take cognizance of Church affairs, how far the Courts will interfere, and how far they consider themselves bound by the official action of the Church in its corporate character, or by its legitimately framed regulations—the Lectures are admirably framed. They go just so far as it was possible to go in laying down general principles, and pause just when any further inquiry would have led the author into the intricacies of technical detail and local differences of law. The result of the discourses may be summed up in this—that in the country where the idea of a "free Church in a free State" has been worked out most fully and consistently, a Church is a voluntary society, recognized by the State in that capacity alone, and dealt with in exactly the same way and on the same principles on which English law deals with an ordinary Club.

Mrs. or Miss Gail Hamilton undertakes to preach to the preachers a series of Sermons ‡ which certainly contain a good deal of sound and practical truth often overlooked by the clergy, and much oftener by laymen of an ecclesiastical or "evangelical" turn of mind. It is a little amusing to read in one place a sentence from which the "subjection of women" follows as a necessary and direct corollary; and it might be possible to find a few actual contradictions and palpable inconsistencies in this very volume. But in the main the doctrines inculcated in these sermons are sound, and, where they are unsound, they err precisely in the opposite direction to that in which ordinary preachers, lay or clerical, go astray. There is an aggressiveness in the title which but too truly reflects the tone of the book; and we cannot but think that, if it had been revised by a sensible man, sharing most of the writer's opinions but free from her feminine petulance and from that air of intellectual superiority which clever women are wont so absurdly to assume, the omission of passages amounting in all to some six pages would have doubled the circulation and quadrupled the influence of the work.

Our New Minister § is, we fancy, a first attempt in fiction; apparently a woman's. There is no power in it, and the ground is very ill chosen; constantly approaching topics so distinctly religious that they ought to be left wholly apart from the foolish flirtations which make up the substance of the story. It is possible that on another subject, and with the advantage of a plot, which is wanting to this tale, something better might be achieved. *Going West* || is a good brisk boy's book; *Mice at Play* || and the *Story-Book for the Children* ** are capital reading for winter evenings in a young family—the latter especially good. *Margery Keith* †† and *Faith and Patience* ‡‡ are of flimsy material, but not objectionable; and the "Young Defenders" §§ is a book which will delight boys between ten and fourteen.

* *A Comparative History of Religions.* By James C. Moffat, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary in Princeton. New York: Dodd & Mead. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *Two Lectures upon the Relations of Civil Law to Church Polity, Discipline, and Property.* By Hon. William Strong, LL.D., Justice of the Supreme Court, U.S. New York: Dodd & Mead. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *Sermons to the Clergy.* By Gail Hamilton, Author of "Country Living and Country Thinking," &c. &c. Boston: William F. Gill & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

§ *Our New Minister.* By E. G. Perryman. New York: T. Whittaker. London: Sampson Low & Co.

|| *Going West; or, the Perils of a Poor Boy.* By Oliver Optic, Author of "Young America Abroad," &c. With Thirteen Illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

|| *Mice at Play: Story for the Whole Family.* By Neil Forest. With Eighteen Illustrations by Sol Eytinge. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

** *A Story-Book for the Children.* By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

†† *Margery Keith.* By Virginia F. Townsend. Boston: Loring. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡‡ *Faith and Patience; or, the Harrington Girls.* A Story. By Sophy Winthrop. New York: Randolph & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

§§ *The Forest Glen Series. Brought to the Front; or, the Young Defenders.* By Elijah Kellogg, Author of "Sowed by the Wind," &c. &c. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

A new edition of Poe's Poems*, with a strongly vindictive memoir; the *Myth of Stone Idol*†, a not very striking story in fluent feeble verse; and two collections of poems, named from the alliterative titles of their first pieces, *The Bird and the Bell*‡, now and then lively and spirited, and the *Rose and Roof-Tree*§, sometimes musical, complete our list for the month.

* *Memorial Edition. Poems and Essays of Edgar Allan Poe.* Including Memoir by John H. Ingram; Tributes to his Memory by Professor Lowell and N. P. Willis; with the Letters, Addresses, and Poems of the Memorial Ceremonies at the Monumental Dedication. New York: N. J. Middleton. 1876.

† *The Myth of Stone Idol: a Love Legend of Dakota.* By William P. Jones, A.M., late President of the North-Western Female College, Evanston, Ill. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *The Bird and the Bell; with other Poems.* By Christopher Pearse Cranch. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

§ *Rose and Roof-Tree.* Poems by George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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